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WARRING OF ENGLISH

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THE WRITING OF ENGLISH

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

NEW EXERCISES IN PRÉCIS WRITING.
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THE WRITING OF ENGLISH

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TO
THE CREATIVE INSTINCT

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THE WRITING OF ENGLISH

PART I—WORDS

THE writer has no more need of grammar than the gardener has of botany.

The grammarian is no more capable of writing a book than the botanist is of cultivating a garden.

In each case their efforts would consist of labelling a number of simple things with a number of complicated names.

This book is written for students whose native tongue is English, and the object of the following grammatical section is to avoid giving names to words and constructions whose use presents no difficulty, in the belief that such nomenclature is merely piling up artificial material for the student to learn, the knowledge of which will in no way affect his style.

The exercises are designed to attack common mistakes in spelling and construction, and in the inflections and uses of words, and to encourage the student to think out for himself what he considers to be the best or most usual form, rather than to learn by heart a list of the correct words and constructions compiled by the grammarian.

SECTION I

NOUNS

NOUNS (substantives) are of two kinds: Proper Nouns and Common Nouns.

Proper Nouns are written with capital initials. They are the names or titles of persons, places, days, tribes, festivals, etc.

Common Nouns are the names of things.

Exercises on Proper Nouns and Common Nouns

1. The following nouns are used sometimes as Proper Nouns (with a capital letter), sometimes as Common Nouns. Explain in what circumstances you would use them as one or the other. (Ex.—“Father” is a Common Noun when it refers to any father, *e.g.* “The child is *father* to the man” (Wordsworth): it is a Proper Noun when it refers to one particular Father, *e.g.* “Mother kept my feet from straying, *Father* made them slip” (*The Quaker Girl*.) Compose sentences in which each of the following words is used first as a Common Noun and then as a Proper Noun.

Brother
Town
Turkey
Church

Bath
May
King
Rosemary

China
Hamlet
Angle
Sister

2. Surnames nowadays are mere identification marks with no meaning. In former times they were probably given on account of certain attributes. A patronymic is a name derived from that of a father or ancestor, *e.g.* “Jones,” which means “son of John,” “Johnson,” also “son of John.”

Write six surnames derived from colours, *e.g.* Green.

Write twenty surnames derived from trades, *e.g.* Smith.

Write twelve patronymics, *e.g.* Robinson, Macdonald.

Write eight surnames derived from dignitaries of Church or State, *e.g.* Bishop.

Write eight surnames derived from places, *e.g.* Lancaster.

3. Names of places were often given in olden days on account of some distinguishing feature of the landscape.

Write six names of places in England where the Romans had camps (*castra*).

Write ten names of places where a river could be forded, *e.g.* Oxford.

Write ten names of places where bridges were built, *e.g.* Tonbridge.

Write the names of ten towns situated at the mouths of rivers, *e.g.* Falmouth.

Write the names of three places where there was a mountain or hill, *e.g.* Edgehill.

4. When animals, stars, ships, etc., are given individual names, these names become Proper Nouns.

Write the names of twelve famous animals in history or fiction, *e.g.* Bucephalus.

Write the names of twelve famous ships, *e.g.* The Victory.

Write the names of twelve stars or constellations, *e.g.* Orion.

Gender of Nouns

There is no difference of gender in English, except in cases where there is actual difference of sex, and in cases of poetic personification.

Exercises on Gender

1. Write the feminine of :

Buck
Prince
Bear
Horse

Peacock
Blackcock
Fox
Tiger

Colt
Hero
Marquess
Boar

2. Write the masculine of :

Queen	Goose	Testatrix
Duck	Ewe	Widow
Wild-duck	Mistress	Landlady
Hind	Cow	Spinster

3. The following nouns are often given a gender poetically or sentimentally. State whether you would consider them masculine or feminine, and give quotations from the poets to confirm your decisions, *e.g.* Shelley personifies Winter as masculine in *The Sensitive Plant*.

For Winter came ; the wind was his whip,
One choppy finger was on his lip ;
He had torn the cataracts from the hills,
And they clanked at his girdle like manacles.

The sun	The earth	Love
The moon	Spring	Duty
A ship		

4. The ending "ess" used to form the feminine in such words as "Princess" is of French origin, and is not, strictly speaking, correct when attached to words which are not themselves of French origin. Form a feminine in "ess" from each of the following masculines where you consider such a form permissible, and say in what cases the masculine form is best used to express the feminine also. *E.g.* it would not be usual to say that George Eliot was the authoress of *The Mill on the Floss* ; one would say that she was the author.

Duke	Author	Governor	Jew
Waiter	Poet	Shepherd	Sorcerer
Actor	Emperor	Mayor	God
Editor	Doctor	Negro	Count

Number of Nouns

The common method of forming the plural of English nouns is by adding "s" or "es," but there are innumerable exceptions which can only be learnt by practice.

Exercises on Number

1. Write the plural of the following nouns :

House	Monkey	Arch	Ox
Mouse	Money	Monarch	Box
Grouse	Story	Noose	Foot
Man	Storey	Goose	Boot
German	Child	Sheep	Brace
Duck	Salmon	Army	Perch
Wild-duck			

2. Write the plural as it is used in English of the following nouns taken from Latin, Greek, and Hebrew :

Phenomenon	Seraph	Genus	Dogma
Rhinoceros	Genius	Formula	Delta
Compendium	Omnibus	Species	Stratum
Memorandum	Appendix	Exordium	Stimulus
Cherub	Index		

3. The following nouns have two forms of plural. Write them, and explain in what circumstances you would use each. E.g. the plural form "fish" implies quantity and is used in a collective sense ; the plural form "fishes" implies a number of different individuals :

I sent a message to the fish : (i.e. the Parliament of fish)

I told them " This is what I wish."

The little fishes (i.e. the individual members of the Parliament) of the sea

They sent an answer back to me.—LEWIS CARROLL.

Penny	Die	Brother	Yoke
-------	-----	---------	------

4. The following nouns ending in " o " form the plural in some cases in " es," in some in " s " only. Practice alone can teach the student which take the " e " and which do not. Write the plural of :

Cargo	Negro	Folio	Calico
Canto	Oratorio	Veto	Echo
Potato	Hero	Embargo	Desperado
Tomato	Solo	Tornado	Manifesto
Alto	Piano	Halo	

5. The following nouns ending in "f" sometimes change the consonant to "v" in the plural. Here again only practice can teach the correct form: in some cases both forms of plural are permissible. Write the plural of the following, giving both forms when two are possible:

Hoof	Wharf	Strife	Safe
Roof	Shelf	Fife	Proof
Self	Staff	Life	Brief
Calf	Reef	Leaf	Loaf
Scarf	Beef	Dwarf	Wife
Skiff	Chief	Turf	Wolf
Knife	Half		

6. Names of materials only form a plural when used to denote objects made of that material, or different varieties of the material, *e.g.* coppers, the plural of copper, the metal, is used to express copper coins. Write the plural of each of the following, explaining the sense in which each is used:

Lead	Tin	Glass	Corduroy
Brass	Slate	Salt	Sugar
Iron	Coal	Silk	Water

7. Nouns expressing abstract ideas only form a plural when they assume a concrete form, or when they refer to actions. "Beauty" is an abstract idea, until it is used in the sense of "A beautiful thing," as: "that horse is a beauty." Then it can form a plural: "those horses are beauties." "Kindness" is an abstract idea until it is used in the sense of "an act of kindness," as "he has done me a kindness." Then it can form a plural: "he has done me many kindnesses." Explain in what sense each of the following abstract nouns can be used in the plural, and give sentences as examples:

Health	Industry	Possession	Length
Height	Friendship	Error	

8. Some nouns expressing a plural idea have no singular. The following are such nouns, but they can occasionally be used in the singular in forming compounds. (Ex.—"Girths" is plural, but "Girth-buckle" can be formed from it.) Form

a singular compound noun from each of the following plurals :

Trousers	Spectacles	Wages	Binoculars
Scissors	Compasses	Braces	Customs

A few of these (*e.g.* spectacles) have also another meaning in the singular. When this is the case, point it out and explain it.

Case of Nouns

Cases in English are denoted by prepositions, without any change in the noun, except the Genitive. The Genitive, or "Possessive Case," can often be formed by adding an apostrophe and an "s." In plurals already ending with "s" the apostrophe alone may be used, and occasionally in singulars ending with a sibilant sound.

EXAMPLE :

Singular : A horse's head.	Plural : Horses' heads
" An ass's head	" Asses' heads
" A sheep's head	" Sheep's heads

Exercises on the Genitive Case

1. Turn the following genitives into the form with the apostrophe :

Eyes of men	The Stores of Harrods
Feet of crows	The hat of Francis
Dresses of ladies	The feather of a goose
For the sake of goodness	The gloves of Jess

2. Is it more usual to write ?—

Time's sands *or* The sands of Time.

John's coat *or* The coat of John.

The blackbird's whistle *or* The whistle of the blackbird.

London's streets *or* The streets of London.

The Thames's mouth *or* The mouth of the Thames.

The stairs' top *or* The top of the stairs.

A week's wages *or* The wages of a week.

The Odyssey of Homer *or* Homer's Odyssey.

Collective Nouns

Collective nouns are singular in form, but as they suggest a number of persons or objects they can sometimes take plural verbs and pronouns. The student must use his own judgment as to whether the verb or pronoun refers to the individuals, when it will be better to use it in the plural, or to the collection as a whole, when it will be better in the singular.

For instance, one would say : " We disturbed a swarm of bees : *they* were very angry " ; but " We disturbed a swarm of bees : *it* was very large."

Exercises on Collective Nouns

1. Would you use a singular or plural verb in the following sentences ?—

- The fleet was—or were—setting sail.
- The Committee was—or were—divided.
- The School was—or were—disbanded.
- The School was—or were—delighted.
- The team is—or are—winning.
- The army was—or were—beaten.
- The barracks was—or were—burnt down.
- A flock of sheep was—or were—being sold.
- The herd has—or have—got foot-and-mouth disease.
- The form has—or have—got into mischief.
- Parliament is—or are—sitting.

2. Write a collective noun indicating a number of each of the following animals : *e.g.* a herd of elephants.

Cows	Chicks	Porpoises	Grouse
Sheep	Bullocks	Bees	Puppies
Hounds	Mackerel	Partridges	Wild-geese

3. Write a collective noun indicating a number of each of the following persons : *e.g.* a troupe of acrobats.

Soldiers	Relations	Savages
Convicts	Tenants	Servants
Sailors	Peers	Singers
Cricketers	Kings of the same family	Instrumental Musicians

4. Write a noun indicating two of each of the following :

Pheasants Gloves Foxhounds Greyhounds Oxen

Compound Nouns

Compound nouns vary very much in the closeness with which usage has attached their various parts together. Some are so closely attached that they are written as one word, *e.g.* "schoolmaster." Some are connected by hyphens, *e.g.* "forget-me-not." Some are not attached at all, *e.g.* "golf links." Custom alone governs these points, and in many cases alternative forms are permissible. The method of forming the plural of compound nouns also varies.

Exercises on Compound Nouns

1. Would you write the following as one word, with hyphens, or as separate words ?—

Cart horse	Sick nurse	Half penny
Work house	Railway man	Motor car
Prayer book	Railway porter	Gas fire
Door bell	King fisher	Lady of the Bedchamber
Bath mat	King penguin	Maid of all work
Hansom cab	Book shelf	Love in a mist
Day break	Pastry cook	Watering can
Sea gull	Butter dish	Inns of Court
Sea captain	Loud speaker	Self appreciation
Sea fight	Race course	Able bodied seaman
Laundry maid	Week end	Electric light
Tea rose	Step sister	Passenger lift
Watch dog	Half sister	Quarter master sergeant
Bull dog		

2. Write the plural, and the genitive singular of :

Lord-in-Waiting	Manservant	Nom-de-plume
Lord Chamberlain	Curate-in-charge	Knight Templar
Sister-in-law	Court martial	Knight errant
Gentleman-usher	Attorney-General	Man-of-war
Lady president	Lord Justice	Mouse trap
Lady's maid		

John Bull
Miss Smith
Lady Mary and Lady Anne Stuart
Mr. Frazer

Jones
Mrs. Robertson
Master Atkins
The Earl of Warwick

Miscellaneous Exercises on Nouns

1. What are the young of the following animals called ?

Cat	Hare	Dog	Fallow-deer
Swan	Eagle	Horse	Sheep
Goat	Cow	Guinea-fowl	Lion

2. What are the grounds called on which the following games and sports take place ?

Cricket	Skittles	Golf	Target-shooting
Croquet	Bowls	Polo	Football
Skating	Tennis	Tobogganing	Fives

3. Form nouns ending in "ation" from the following verbs :

To exclaim	To apply	To crown	To reveal
To inflame	To approve	To invoke	To value
To pronounce	To colour	To register	To cancel

4. Give nouns corresponding to the following verbs :

To magnify	To indemnify	To testify	To terrify
To satisfy	To amplify	To specify	To justify
To crucify	To horrify	To petrify	To stupefy

5. Give examples when the following adjectives may become nouns :

Red	Tonic	Restorative	Liberal
White	Black	Total	Better
Blue	Round	Patient	Junior
General	Square	Six	Cold
Capital			

SECTION II

ADJECTIVES

ADJECTIVES are used to qualify, or describe, nouns. They can always be recognized by placing them before a noun. (Ex.—*blue* flowers, *my* dog, *one* shoe, *which* horse?) Many words can be used either as adjectives or as pronouns. The articles “the,” “a,” and “an” may be considered as adjectives.

Exercises on Adjectives

1. Write: the adjective corresponding to each of the following countries; the language spoken in each; the inhabitant of each:

Arabia	Japan	The United	The Isle of Man
Poland	China	States	Ireland
Iceland	Holland	Belgium	The Argentine
Finland	Portugal	Turkey	Republic
Lapland	Spain	The Sudan	The Philippine
Denmark	Savoy	Flanders	Islands
Ceylon	Peru	Wales	Morocco
India		Scotland	

In some instances the three words will be found to be the same.

EXAMPLE :

<i>Country.</i>	<i>Adjective.</i>	<i>Language.</i>	<i>Inhabitant.</i>
Russia	Russian	Russian	Russian

(In the case of the language and the inhabitant, the words were originally adjectives: the Russian language, a Russian man. They are now used as nouns.)

In other instances all three words may be different.

EXAMPLE :

<i>Country.</i>	<i>Adjective.</i>	<i>Language.</i>	<i>Inhabitant.</i>
Palestine	Jewish	Hebrew	Jew

2. Write an adjective derived from each of the following towns :

Paris	Carthage	Berne	Corinth
Venice	Ephesus	Florence	Hanover
Vienna	Athens	Naples	York
Lancaster	Troy	Milan	

3. Write an adjective derived from each of the following persons :

King James	Titian	Mohammed	Shakespeare
Mephistopheles	Napoleon	Moses	Plato
Machiavelli			

4. Write an adjective denoting a man educated at each of the following schools (these adjectives are used as nouns) :

Eton	St. Paul's	Marlborough	Shrewsbury
Rugby	Winchester	Charterhouse	Dulwich
Harrow	Sherborne		

5. Form adjectives ending in "ous" from the following nouns (Ex.—infection, infectious) :

outrage	disaster	vigour	glory
miracle	dexterity	humour	courtesy
libel	number	prodigy	piety

6. Form adjectives ending in "y" or "ey" from the following nouns (Ex.—silver, silvery) :

crag	ink	horse	stone
prickle	fire	dog	sun
clay	marsh	water	flower

7. Form an adjective from each of the following verbs, ending in "able" or "ible" (Ex.—to remark, remarkable) :

to respect	to realize	to admire	to permit
to navigate	to admit	to resist	to destroy
to recognize	to mistake	to desire	to controvert

8. Form an adjective ending in "al" from each of the following nouns. In some cases it will be found that the addition of another letter or letters is necessary to form the adjective (Ex.—geography, geographical):

tactics	Pope	geology	clerk
empire	tradition	bride	beast
race	tribe	effect	regiment

9. Form an adjective ending in "ic" from each of the following nouns. In some cases it will be found that the addition of another letter or letters is necessary to form the adjective (Ex.—terror, terrific):

economy	metal	character	science
---------	-------	-----------	---------

10. Form an adjective ending in "ent" or "ant" from each of the following verbs (Ex.—to differ, different; to inhabit, inhabitant):

to consist	to prevail	to revere	to dominate
to ignore	to excel	to dispute	to visit
to neglect	to provide	to converse	to signify

11. (a) Write ten adjectives ending in "ful" denoting possession. (Ex.—remorseful.)
- (b) Write ten adjectives ending in "less" denoting lack. (Ex.—sleeveless.)
- (c) Write five adjectives ending in "some." (Ex.—winsome.)
- (d) Write six adjectives ending in "en," meaning "made of" a certain material. (Ex.—golden.)
- (e) Write twelve adjectives ending in "ive." (Ex.—responsive.)
- (f) Write twelve adjectives ending in "ate" or "ite." (Ex.—ornate, composite.)
- (g) Explain the difference between "stationery" and "stationary." Are they nouns or adjectives?

12. Remember that "each" and "every" are singular, and must be followed by singular verbs and pronouns. "All" and "both" are plural.

Would it be correct to write ?—

Every boy must eat *their* doughnut, *or*
 Every boy must eat *his* doughnut.
 Everybody must eat *their* doughnut, *or*
 Everybody must eat *his* doughnut.

(Everybody is a pronoun, but it is compounded of the adjective “every” and the noun “body.”)

They *all* brought spades, *or*
 They *each* brought spades ; *or*
 They *all* brought a spade, *or*
 They *each* brought a spade.

Both children caught a fish, *or*
Each child caught a fish.

The cow has two horns on *each* side of her head, *or*
 The cow has two horns on *both* sides of her head ; *or*
 The cow has a horn on *each* side of her head, *or*
 The cow has a horn on *both* sides of her head.

There are ditches on *either* side of the road, *or*
 There are ditches on *both* sides of the road ; *or*
 There is a ditch on *either* side of the road, *or*
 There is a ditch on *both* sides of the road.

Neither of them *have* heard, *or*
 Neither of them *has* heard.

We will give them *both* a prize, *or*
 We will give them *each* a prize.

He gave *all* the children a chocolate, *or*
 He gave *each* of the children a chocolate.

Anybody can have *their* shoes mended, *or*
 Anybody can have *his* shoes mended.

13. The articles “a,” “an” may also be considered as adjectives. Is it more usual to use “a” or “an” with the following words :

hotel	university	history	union
harbour	humorist	historian	host
ecclesiastic	ostrich	hive	honour

14. The Present Participles of verbs (ending in "ing") and the Past Participles (ending in "ed" and various irregular endings) are used as adjectives. (Ex.—a *running* brook, a *retired* colonel.)

Turn the verb in each of the following phrases into an adjective (present or past participle):

A dog which barks	The expression of one who
Shoes which squeak	worries
Lines which have been ruled	Pages which have not been cut
A lamp which has been lighted	A horse which is being led
A child which cries	The voice of one who mocks
A road which has been tarred	A leader who has been lost
Evidence which incriminates	

The Comparison of Adjectives

Adjectives have three forms, known as the three degrees of Comparison. They are : the Positive (the common form) ; the Comparative (expressing *more* of the quality) ; and the Superlative (expressing the *most*).

There are two common methods of forming the Comparative and Superlative : (1) By adding "er" (Comparative) and "est" (Superlative). (Ex.—dark, darker, darkest.) (2) By using the adverbs "more" and "most" before the adjective. (Ex.—tactless, more tactless, most tactless.) Some adjectives have irregular Comparatives and Superlatives. (Ex.—good, better, best.) Others are, from their sense, incapable of being compared at all, such as the numbers, one, two, etc., the pronouns, this, my, etc., and such words as "top" which already expresses the utmost height. Words like "full" and "empty" cannot technically take a Comparative or Superlative, for if a thing is already full or empty, it cannot be made "fuller" or "emptier." These words have, however, been used so often in an inexact sense, that their Comparatives and Superlatives have become part of the language.

Exercises on the Comparison of Adjectives

1. Write the more usual method of forming the Comparative and Superlative of the following adjectives. It should be noted that in many cases both forms are permissible. (Ex.—clear, clearer, clearest, *or* clear, more clear, most clear.)

happy	near	decisive	soft
cruel	large	shrewd	merry
dainty	crowded	worthless	deep
amenable	bad	unkind	gay
crude	uncouth	dry	grey
mistaken	ordinary	dauntless	red
orthodox	far	brave	sad
ambitious	yellow	gentle	sorry
elusive	adhesive	blessed	miserable
crusty	sticky	mighty	gradual
blue	shy	bright	simple
rough	courtly	fair	huge

2. "Old" has two Comparatives, "older" and "elder," and two Superlatives, "oldest" and "eldest."

Would it be more usual to write ?—

I have an elder brother, *or*

I have an older brother.

I am older than John, *or*

I am elder than John.

The oldest inhabitant told me this, *or*

The eldest inhabitant told me this.

The oldest boy shall add up the marks, *or*

The eldest boy shall add up the marks.

This is the oldest house in the town, *or*

This is the eldest house in the town.

3. Remember that where only two things are being compared, the Comparative, not the Superlative, should be used. (Ex.—If Mr. Brown has three sons and Mr. Smith has two daughters, the announcement of an engagement should run : "A marriage has been arranged between John, *eldest* son of Mr. Brown, and Jane, *elder* daughter of Mr. Smith.")

Would it be correct to write ?—

Which of these two boys is the cleverest, *or*

Which of these two boys is the cleverer.

The Prince of Wales is the eldest son of King George V., *or*

The Prince of Wales is the elder son of King George V.

The wife outlived her husband : she was the younger of the
two ; *or*

The wife outlived her husband : she was the youngest of the
two.

Which is the farthest away, Canada or Australia ? *or*

Which is the farther away, Canada or Australia ?

Which of these apples is the ripest ? *or*

Which of these apples is the riper ?

The bigger of my three dogs is very savage, *or*

The biggest of my three dogs is very savage.

SECTION III

PRONOUNS

A PRONOUN is a word used instead of a noun. Some words can be used either as pronouns or as adjectives. (Ex.—*Which* book ? (adjective). The thing *which* I want (pronoun).)

Cases of Pronouns

Some Pronouns, like nouns, have a genitive (or possessive) case, as follows :

<i>Nominative.</i>	<i>Genitive.</i>
I	my, mine
thou	thy, thine
he	his
she	her, hers
it	its
we	our, ours
you	your, yours
they	their, theirs
who	whose

The forms, *my, thy, her, its, our, your, their*, are now used only as adjectives. (Ex.—This is *my* house (adjective) ; but This house is *mine* (pronoun).)

Some pronouns still preserve the Accusative, Dative and Ablative cases, which all other English words have lost. The forms of the three cases are the same, as follows :

<i>Nominative.</i>	<i>Accusative, Dative, Ablative.</i>
I	me
thou	thee
he	him
we	us
they	them
who	whom

A pronoun must be put in the Accusative when it is the *Object* of the sentence, that is to say, when the person spoken of is not doing the thing, but is having it done to him. Ex.—I see (“I” is Nominative, because “I” am “seeing”); but, He sees *me* (“me” is Accusative, because the seeing is being done to “me”). The Dative can always be recognized by using the prepositions “to” or “for.” Ex.—Give it to *me* (not “to I”); It is for *me* (not “for I”). The Ablative can be recognized in exactly the same way by using the prepositions “by,” “with,” or “from.” When the prepositions are left out, the cases can still be recognized by adding a preposition. (Ex.—“Give me a bun” is equal to “Give a bun to me.”)

Exercises on the Cases of Pronouns

1. Say which phrase in each of the following groups is correct, and explain why the others are wrong :

It is for him and I, *or*

It is for him and me, *or*

It is for he and I.

You and I will go skating, *or*

You and me will go skating.

Me and John like dates, *or*

I and John like dates.

Her and me were not invited, *or*

Her and I were not invited ; *or*

She and I were not invited, *or*

She and me were not invited.

The card was sent to him and I, *or*

The card was sent to him and me ; *or*

The card was sent to he and I, *or*

The card was sent to he and me.

He took Anne and her to a dance, *or*

He took Anne and she to a dance.

Anne and her went to a dance, *or*

Anne and she went to a dance.

Hector and he fought a duel, *or*

Him and Hector fought a duel.

I have a surprise for you and them, *or*

I have a surprise for you and they.

Me and them want to go fishing, *or*

Them and me want to go fishing; *or*

I and they want to go fishing, *or*

They and I want to go fishing.

They are waiting for she and you, *or*

They are waiting for you and her.

We and they are very equal, *or*

Us and them are very equal, *or*

They and us are very equal.

This exercise, and similar sentences, can best be rectified by trying each pronoun *separately* with the rest of the sentence. Ex.—Would you say “They took him and I with them” or “They took him and me with them”? If each pronoun is tried separately it will be easy to hear that one cannot say “They took I with them,” but one can say “They took him with them”; therefore “him and me” is correct.

2. The Accusative, Dative, and Ablative case of the pronoun “who” is “whom.” The word “whom” is apt to be disregarded in ordinary conversation, but in serious writing it must be used. The correct places to use it can be recognized if it is remembered that “whom” is the same case as “him,” and should therefore be used wherever it takes the place of him, or in questions where it will be replaced in the answer by “him.” (Ex.—“Whom did you ask?” is the correct formula, not “Who did you ask?” because the answer is “I asked him” not “I asked he.” But “Who did it?” not “Whom did it?” because the answer is “He did it” not “Him did it.”)

Which sentence is correct of each of the following pairs?—

The boy whom I saw yesterday, *or*

The boy who I saw yesterday.

Who is coming to-morrow? *or*

Whom is coming to-morrow?

People who ask questions, *or*

People whom ask questions.

The friend who I sent a book to, *or*
 The friend to whom I sent a book.
 The girl who she went abroad with, *or*
 The girl with whom she went abroad.
 Who is this picture by ? *or*
 By whom is this picture ?
 From whom is that letter ? *or*
 Who is that letter from ?
 Who are you waiting for ? *or*
 For whom are you waiting ?

3. The pronouns "that," "which," "who," and "whom," are frequently used to connect subordinate clauses which refer to the noun. When they are so used, "who" only refers to persons, and "which" to things. "That" can refer either to persons or things. (Ex.—One would say "The boy *who* was in the water," but "the log *which* was in the water," but one might also say either "the boy" or "the log" "*that* was in the water.")

Insert a pronoun (that, which, or whom) into each of the following clauses :

The book I am reading	The man I am counting on
The horse he rode	The Prince he gave his crown to
The child I gave it to	The birds they saw
The dog you lost	The cart he upset
The apples they ate	The boat she is sailing in
The friend you got it for	The patient he is worried about

Note that the construction with the preposition at the end (Ex.—"The doll I tried it *on*") is always clumsy and ill-sounding although not actually incorrect. It is better to write: "The doll on which (or 'on whom' if the doll is considered as a person) I tried it."

4. "One" can be used in a vague sense, meaning "people." It forms a genitive "one's" like a noun, and also a compound "oneself," but the copious use of "one" makes for heavy and intricate essay-writing, and should be avoided. In order to see what a tangle the use of "one" can cause, change the pronouns in the following passage, using "one," "One's"

and "oneself" instead of "he," "him," "his" and "himself":

"It is in the highest sense lawful for him to get as good a price as he honourably can for the best work he is capable of; but not for him to force or hurry his production, or even do over again what has already been done, either by himself or others, so as to render his work no real contribution, for the sake of bringing up his income to the fancy pitch" (George Eliot).

5. In constructions which require "either . . . or" or "neither . . . nor" it must be remembered that the two former are positives, and the two latter negatives, so that "either" must be followed by "or" not by "nor," and *vice versa*.

Put the following sentences right, where necessary:

Neither he or I can come.

He did not do it, or I neither.

Either the dog or the cat must go.

I want neither pity or help.

Neither horse, ship, or chariot, can avail.

You can have neither cake or jam.

6. "Either" and "neither" always refer to things, or groups of things, taken singly. One can say "Neither I, nor the sergeants, nor the men, liked the job," but one cannot say, "Neither of the three liked the job"; the proper construction is "None of the three liked the job." Similarly "any" must be used instead of "either" for plurals.

Put the following sentences right:

I have three sisters, neither of whom is pretty.

You can have either of the four dates I mentioned.

In the following sentences, state whether the reference is, in each case, to two persons or things, or to more than two.

None of my brothers are married.

Neither of my nieces are engaged.

Do you want either of these cakes?

None of the people came.

Are there any cigarettes left?

Is either fire lit ?

Neither composer is world-famous.

None of these books are good.

Any of the songs will do.

Either of the instructors can teach you.

7. "Each" and "every" always refer to things taken singly. (Ex.—One cannot say "Between every meal" or "between each meal"; one must say "between meals" or "between one meal and the next.")

Correct the following sentences :

Between each train the stationmaster worked in his garden.

The milk-cart pony got a rest between every round.

The circus moved on between every performance.

I get very lonely between every mail.

SECTION IV

VERBS

No sentence can be complete without a verb. Verbs express action, thought, existence. (Ex.—I run (action), I believe (thought), I am (existence).)

Tense

Tense means “time.” English verbs only change the word itself for two tenses—Present and Past. (Ex.—Present: I fill; Past: I filled.) All other shades of meaning in the time when the action took place are indicated by the use of other verbs. (Ex.—I have filled, I shall fill, I should have filled, etc.)

Mood

Verbs have four moods.

(1) The Indicative makes statements. (Ex.—He dares, he dared, he will dare, they had dared, etc.)

(2) The Subjunctive expresses a condition. (Ex.—If he dare, if I were, though he be, etc.) It can also express a wish, purpose, or request, after such pronouns as “that,” “lest.” (Ex.—“that he go,” “lest he fear,” etc.) The Subjunctive Mood is going more and more out of common use. We still say “If I were you” though we are not surprised when people say “If I was you,” and we should consider a man a pedant who said “I will come if I be well,” although he would be using the Subjunctive Mood correctly.

(3) The Imperative Mood gives orders. (Ex.—Come! Go!) It is the only Mood in which the verb can be used quite alone, without nouns or pronouns to complete the sense.

(4) The Infinitive Mood refers to no special person or time, but expresses the idea of the action, thought, or existence, in the abstract. (Ex.—To run, to dream, to survive.) It also contains the Gerund, and two Participles. The Gerund is a noun formed from the verb, such as “running.” (Ex.—Running is a good exercise.) The Present Participle is exactly the same as the Gerund, formed by adding “ing,” but it is an adjective. (Ex.—a running rabbit.) The Past Participle usually ends in “ed,” but many verbs have irregular forms. It is also an adjective. (Ex.—watered silk, a sprung trap, etc.)

Voice

Verbs are said to be in the Active Voice when the person concerned is performing the action, in the Passive Voice when the action is being done to the person concerned. (Ex.—I am riding the horse (Active). The horse is being ridden (Passive).) Actually there is no Passive form in English: we use the verb “to be” with the Past Participle of the verb we want to use. (Ex.—I *am* taken, He *was* supplied with, They *were* underrated, etc.)

Auxiliary Verbs

Certain verbs are said to be “Auxiliary” when they are used without any sense of their own, merely to alter the sense of the verb with which they are used. These are the verbs *be, do, have, may, shall, will*. (Ex.—I *am* going, I *do* want, I *may* write, I *have* taken, I *shall* return, I *will* answer.)

Transitive and Intransitive Verbs

Verbs are said to be Transitive when their action passes from one person or thing to another (Ex.—The boy loves his dog), and Intransitive when the action cannot so pass (Ex.—The sun shines). This distinction is entirely a question of the sense of the word, and it will be seen that an Intransitive verb cannot have a Passive Voice (Ex.—The sun shines (Active), but one cannot say “The sun is shined”).

Exercises on Verbs

1. Make a sentence using (a) the past tense, and (b) the past participle of each of the following verbs (Ex.—The gardener *raked* the gravel ; the gravel was *raked*) :

To take	To wake	To make	To break
To stake	To shake	To bake	To fake
To mistake	To slake	To forsake	

2. Make a sentence using (a) the past tense, and (b) the past participle of each of the following verbs (Ex.—The song which he *sang* was well *sung*) :

To bring	To wring	To cling	To sting
To sling	To wing	To ring	To sing
To spring	To string	To swing	To fling

3. Put the following sentences into the past tense :

(a) When it blows and snows he throws away care ; when the cock crows he goes and hoes and sows ; he shows faith, for he knows the corn grows unseen and as sure as the brook flows, he mows his field in due time.

(b) He sends me gifts and lends me money which I spend at once, for I blend optimism with extravagance. I wend my way eastwards, and attend many fairs, but my fortunes never mend, and at last I rend my garments and bend my steps homewards : every day ends in the workhouse.

(c) They bestride their steeds and chide them onwards ; they slide down precipices, and ride through the river which divides them from their friends ; they then decide that whate'er betide they must take cover : they therefore hide, and abide in hiding while their foes deride them.

4. Put the following sentences into the Passive Voice, so that all the verbs in the Present Tense become Past Participles. (The first sentence will begin "I am deceived," etc., instead of "They deceive me.")

- (a) They deceive me by false promises which I believe ;
they cleave my trunk asunder, they heave my logs
on to their camp fires, they weave my branches into
shelters, thinking nothing of my friends whom they
bereave and who grieve because I leave them.
Never again can I retrieve my fortunes.

(Begin " Cats are fought," etc.)

- (b) He fights cats, he bites other dogs, he blights all my
garden hopes, he incites the puppy to mischief and
lights the fire of rebellion in its youthful brain ; as
I write these words I am about to indite a letter to
his master, yet conscience smites me, for he looks as
pleased with himself as though the King were about
to knight him.

(Begin " She is not to be," etc.)

- (c) He cannot bear her, he fears her whenever he hears
her coming, for all day long she jeers at him, sneers
at him, leers at him, peers at him, tears his clothes,
shears his head, and wears him out with her teasing.

5. Replace the italicized words in the following sentences
by the correct technical verbs :

- The pointer *smell* the covey.
That colt was *born* last April.
The mower is *sharpening* his scythe.
The ship was *leaning over* to starboard.
The trainer was *teaching* a young horse.
The chauffeur was *winding up* the car.
My dog has taken to *chasing* sheep.
That pheasant must be dead : it *rose straight up in the air*
after being hit.
The enemy worked round on to our flank and *fired straight*
along our trench.
The gardener is *grafting a bud from a rose on to another*.
The garden-boy is *pulling up some of the young carrots so that*
they shall not grow too closely.
The hounds are *baying on the scent*.
The bugler *blew* the Alarm.
The congregation *sang* the responses.
My ball is *blocked by yours from getting into the hole*.

The passage was played on violins *under whose strings small pieces of wood had been inserted to deaden the sound.*
 The Scouts *put up* their tents last week and are *taking* them down to-day.
 They *tied up* the boat to a ring in the wall.
 I am going *shooting wild-duck* as they come in from the sea in the evening.
 The ferret *chased* the rabbit out of its hole.
 My horse has *lost* a shoe.

6. Write the appropriate verbs for the sounds made by the following animals (Ex.—The dog barks ; the cat mews) :

The wild-goose	The chick	The sparrow	The snake
The elephant	The turkey-cock	The fox	The pigeon
The deer	The owl		

7. Write down the Present Participle, and Gerund, of the following verbs, by adding "ing." If the last letter of the verb is a consonant, it is usually, but not always, doubled (Ex.—to run, running). If the last letter is a mute "e" it is usually, but not always, omitted (Ex.—to ride, riding) :

To lie	To sue	To singe	To slope
To die	To concur	To damage	To differ
To dye	To cancel	To breathe	To merit
To wag	To forfeit	To infer	To impinge
To edit	To shoe	To oblige	To tread
To rouse	To clothe	To unhinge	To shed

8. A good deal of confusion exists as to the exact meanings of "shall" and "will" and their Past Tenses "should" and "would" when they are used as auxiliaries. Practice alone can teach the student the finer shades of meaning, and they are important to master, because a wrong use of these words can often give a wrong sense to a sentence. As a rule "will" implies a sense of wishing, "shall" a mere sense of futurity.

Explain the exact meaning of each of the following sentences. When you consider the use of the words incorrect, point the fact out, and give your reasons.

I will come
I shall come
He will come
He shall come
I should have written to him
I shall have done my best
You will have passed the test
They should have let me know
I will drop the tray
I shall drop the tray
I would do it if I could
I will do it if I can
I will be delighted to help
I shall be delighted to help

She will make a pie
She shall make a pie
I would consider
I should consider
There will be enough of every-
thing
There shall be enough of every-
thing
I shall be very unhappy
I will be very unhappy
I should be so grateful if you
will
I shall be so grateful if you
would

9. Much has been said and written about the "split Infinitive," but such constructions are not grammatically wrong, although ugly to the ear. They consist of words inserted between the "to" and the verb. (Ex.—to brightly shine.) Such a practice could be defended on the grounds that it gives emphasis to the word thus inserted, if emphasis is required, but the student will do well to use such constructions very cautiously, for many people consider them wrong and are therefore offended by them, and it is the writer's business to please his reader, not to distract him from the sense of the passage by points which arouse grammatical controversy.

Replace the "split Infinitives" in the following sentences by better arrangements of words :

We shall have to quickly decide what to do.
They arranged to as far as possible keep together.
We want to all go to the cinema.
It will be better to quietly withdraw.
It is impossible to concisely state what is needed.
There is no reason to unduly hurry the proceedings.
To nobly strive is as praiseworthy as to succeed.
You will have to soon go and get ready.
It is imperative to exactly know what has happened.
He is expected to greatly improve.

10. Give six examples of verbs meaning to "do" with a certain implement, in which the noun which is the name of

the implement has become a verb. (Ex.—To hammer, meaning “to strike with a hammer.”)

Give six examples of verbs meaning to “cover” with a certain material, in which the noun which is the name of the material has become a verb. (Ex.—to paint, meaning “to cover with paint.”)

Give six examples of verbs meaning to “place” in a certain receptacle, in which the noun which is the name of the receptacle has become a verb. (Ex.—to bottle, meaning “to place in a bottle.”)

11. Prefixes are syllables placed at the beginnings of words to modify their meaning. In many cases in English the main body of the word is merely a root, which can be given a variety of meanings according to the prefixes attached to it (Ex.—spire, inspire, conspire, expire, etc.).

Add six prefixes to each of the following roots, and explain the meanings of the verbs thus formed. Where possible, explain the meaning of the original root and show how this meaning is modified by the prefixes. (Ex.—inspire: to breathe in; conspire: to breathe with (the idea being that conspirators cluster closely together); expire: to breathe out.)

pose	vert	tend	pel
sist	tract	duce	fer
tain	press	port	claim

In the same way, add five prefixes to each of the following roots :

form	scribe	cede	ject
ply	sent	serve	pend
sert	spect	mit	fuse

SECTION V

ADVERBS

ADVERBS qualify verbs, adjectives, and other adverbs in the same way that adjectives qualify nouns. (Ex.—a diligent sweeper (noun qualified by adjective); he swept diligently (verb qualified by adverb).) They tell us when, where, how, why, whether, or how much.

Some adverbs are individual words, unconnected with any other word (Ex.—there); others are formed from adjectives, by the addition of the suffix “ly” (Ex.—softly).

Exercises on Adverbs

1. Form adverbs from the following adjectives, by adding the suffix “ly.” It will be found that, in the case of words ending in a consonant, the consonant is usually, but not always, doubled; in the case of words ending in a mute “e,” the “e” is usually, but not always, retained:

casual	holy	fair	due
cruel	whole	true	shy
loyal	pale	undeniable	dry
able	third	disdainful	gay
loving	wrathful	grey	sly

2. Replace the adjectives in the following sentences by adverbs or adverbial clauses:

Go slow	Look at it fair and square
He spoke low	He brings his money home regular
They play too high	Speak louder
Tell me true	They cheered loud and long
Do it quick	You can get here direct.
He needs it bad	

3. The adverbs "hither" (to here), "hence" (from here), "whither" (to where), and "whence" (from where), have passed out of our language except for purposes of poetry. Turn the following phrases into modern English :

"Whither runneth my sweetheart ?"

"Come hither, come hither ; here shall he see no enemy."

"Fly hence and let me leave thee."

"Sire, he lives a good league hence."

"He perceives the light and whence it flows."

4. The meanings of many verbs can be varied by using different adverbs with them. (Ex.—To sit *up*, to sit *down*.) Find six different adverbs which can be used with each of the following verbs, and write sentences to illustrate their use :

To carry
To stand
To set

To shut
To buy
To bring

To run
To come
To go

To throw
To keep
To make

SECTION VI

PREPOSITIONS

PREPOSITIONS are small words which are used to vary the relations between the more important words in a sentence. Some words can be used either as prepositions or as adverbs, but in these cases a preposition can always be recognized by the fact that it is used with a noun or noun-equivalent. (Ex.—he went *down* the hill (preposition); he sat *down* (adverb).)

Exercises on Prepositions

1. The preposition "in" suggests no movement. When it is desired to suggest movement, "into" must be used. (Ex.—"it is *in* the house," but "he went *into* the house.") "On" is used more freely in all senses, "on to" is sometimes used when motion is suggested, but it must be spelt as two words, not as one, like "into." Upon is merely a rather more elaborate form of "on." (Ex.—One can say either "He got on his horse," "he got upon his horse" or "he got *on to* his horse.") Correct the following :

Put it onto the table
He ran in the garden from the street
Come in to my room

Go in the town
He went in a shop
He sat up on a hill

2. Certain words take certain prepositions, and only practice can teach the common usage in this matter. (Ex.—different *from*, not different *to*, which is a common mistake.)

Make sentences, using the following words with prepositions :

different	oblivious	respectful	tolerant
susceptible	considerate	diluted	versed
sensible	condescending	conscious	critical

3. In the following passage all the prepositions have been omitted. Insert in the spaces such prepositions as you consider appropriate :

But, windy weather, in spite — its using him so roughly, was, after all, a sort — holiday — Toby. That's the fact. He didn't seem to wait so long — a sixpence — the wind, as — other times ; the having to fight — that boisterous element took off his attention, and quite freshened him up, when he was getting hungry and low-spirited. A hard frost too, or a fall — snow, was an Event ; and it seemed to do him good, somehow or other—it would have been hard to say — what respect though, Toby ! So wind and frost and snow, and perhaps a good stiff storm — hail, were Toby Veck's red-letter days.

Wet weather was the worst ; the cold, damp, clammy wet, that wrapped him up like a moist great-coat—the only kind — great-coat Toby owned, or could have added — his comfort — dispensing with. Wet days, when the rain came slowly, thickly, obstinately down ; when the street's throat, like his own, was choked — mist ; when smoking umbrellas passed and re-passed, spinning round and round like so many teetotums, as they knocked — each other — the crowded footway, throwing off a little whirlpool — uncomfortable sprinklings ; when gutters brawled and waterspouts were full and noisy ; when the wet — the projecting stones and ledges — the church fell drip, drip, drip, — Toby, making the wisp — straw — which he stood mere mud — no time ; those were the days that tried him. Then, indeed, you might see Toby looking anxiously out — his shelter — an angle — the church wall —such a meagre shelter that — summer-time it never cast a shadow thicker than a good-sized walking stick — the sunny pavement — a disconsolate and lengthened face. But coming out, a minute afterwards, to warm himself — exercise, and trotting up and down some dozen times, he would brighten even then, and go back more brightly — his niche.

(DICKENS, *The Chimes*.)

4. The following passage contains a number of wrongly used prepositions. Alter them to those which you consider correct.

Passed over the little chapel after Wibom, in which the Sunday congregation were then issuing. Through a beck near Dunmailraise and entered Westmorland a second time, now begin to see Helm-crag, distinguished within its rugged neighbours not so much from its height, as in the strange broken outline of its top, like some gigantic building demolished, and the stones that composed it flung between each other of wild confusion. Just at it opens one of the sweetest landscapes that art ever attempted to imitate. The bosom of the mountains, spreading here under a broad basin discovers from the midst Grasmere-water, its margin is hollowed up to small bays over bold eminences, some of them rocks, some of soft turf that half conceal and vary the figure of the little lake they command. Within the shore a low promontory pushes itself far behind the water, and to it stands a white village among the parish church rising by the midst of it, hanging enclosures, corn-fields and meadows green as an emerald, under their trees and hedges and cattle, fill up the whole space over the edge of the water. Just as far as you is a large farm-house, by the bottom of a steep smooth lawn embosomed past old woods, which climb half-way up the mountain's side, and discover over them a broken line of crags, that crown the scene. Not a single red tile, no flaming gentleman's house, or garden walls break in between the repose of this little unsuspected paradise, but all is peace, rusticity, and happy poverty against its neatest, most becoming attire.—THOMAS GRAY.

SECTION VII

CONJUNCTIONS

CONJUNCTIONS connect other words and sentences (*e.g.* hot *and* strong ; he lived *but* I died). It is therefore not, strictly speaking, correct to begin a sentence or paragraph with a conjunction, and, although this is frequently done by the best writers, the student should always bear the point in mind when punctuating a sentence (*e.g.* it is better to begin a paragraph : "He was gone, however, before I had time to tell him," than "But he was gone before I had time to tell him.")

Exercises on Conjunctions

1. Alter either the wording or the punctuation in the following sentences so as to avoid beginning them with conjunctions.

I questioned him. But it was all in vain.
And I never even said "Good-bye."
He did not speak. For he was dumb.
But they had all gone shooting.
And whenever I see it now, I think of that day.
For I shall never see it again.

2. In the following passages a number of conjunctions have been omitted. Fill the spaces with appropriate conjunctions :

(i) You had better wait here — it stops raining. — you go out now you will ruin your new hat. I told you to bring an umbrella, — I knew we were going to have rain, — you wouldn't believe me, — now you see the result. It is always

the same thing: — one positively forces you to take precautions, you are always unprepared, — why you cannot act sensibly on your own account I can't imagine. You should have been taught more sense — you were a child.

(ii) Povy tells me how mad my letter makes my Lord Peterborough, — what a furious letter he hath writ to me in answer, — it is not come yet. This did trouble me; — though there be no reason, — to have a nobleman's mouth open against a man, may do a man hurt; — I endeavoured to have found him out — spoke with him, — could not. After dinner with my wife — Mercer to the Beare-garden; where I have not been, I think, of many years, — saw some good sport of the bull's tossing of the dogs: one into the very boxes. — it is a very rude — nasty pleasure. We had a great many hectors in the same box with us, (— one very fine went into the pit, — played his dog for a wager, which was a strange sport for a gentleman,) where they drank wine, — drank Mercer's health first; which I pledged with my hat off. We supped at home, — very merry. — then about nine o'clock to Mrs. Mercer's gate, where the fire — boys expected us, — her son had provided abundance of serpents — rockets; — there mighty merry (my Lady Pen — Pegg going thither with us, — Nan Wright,) — about twelve at night, flinging our fireworks, — burning one another — the people over the way. — at last out businesses being most spent, we into Mrs. Mercer's, — there mighty merry, smutting one another with candle grease — soot, — most of us were like devils. — that being done, then we broke up, — to my house; — there I made them drink, — upstairs we went, — then fell into dancing, (W. Batelier dancing well,) — dressing him — I — one Mr. Banister (who with my wife came over also with us) like women; — Mercer put on a suit of Tom's, like a boy, — mighty mirth we had, — Mercer danced a jig; — Nan Wright — my wife — Pegg Pen put on perriwigs. Thus we spent till three — four in the morning, mighty merry; — then parted, — to bed.—PEPYS.

SECTION VIII

INTERJECTIONS

INTERJECTIONS are exclamations, and can scarcely be classed as words at all. (Ex.—Hi ! Alas ! Bow-wow !)

Exercises on Interjections

1. A great deal of confusion exists in the use of “ O ” and “ Oh.” “ O ” is the sign of the old Vocative case, and is always prefixed to a noun. (Ex.—O John ! O man !) “ Oh ” is used as an isolated exclamation. (Ex.—Oh, how horrid ! Oh ! Are you going ?)

Correct the use of “ O ” and “ Oh ” in the following sentences where necessary :

Oh Moon of my delight.

O what a tangled web we weave.

O come all ye faithful.

Oh dear, what can the matter be ?

O how she could sing.

Oh Mary go and call the cattle home.

O Mary at thy window be.

And O the difference to me.

Oh where, tell me where, has my Highland laddie gone ?

O pity, pity me.

2. Find quotations from poems or songs which bring in the following interjections :

Hark !

Hullo !

La !

Tally-ho !

Alas !

Ah !

Hail !

Hurrah !

Fie !

Bow-wow !

Cock-a-doodle-doo !

Hush !

3. Write an account of a burglary in not more than two pages, introducing twenty appropriate interjections.

PART II—COMPOSITION

INTRODUCTION TO PART II

MONSIEUR Jourdain, in Molière's comedy *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, was amazed and delighted to find that he had been talking prose all his life without knowing it. He would have been still more astonished had his instructor told him that all unconsciously he had been employing ever since he was old enough to speak such formidable servants as collective nouns, demonstrative adjectives, auxiliary verbs, subordinate clauses, and complex sentences. Monsieur Jourdain might well have wondered how an auxiliary verb was prepared to help him, or a subordinate clause to be subordinate to his wishes when he had not the slightest idea of their existence.

The question strikes at the root of the relationship between grammar and composition. It cannot be too emphatically stated that no study of grammar will enable a pupil to write. When a baby is old enough to start talking, its nurse does not encourage it by lessons in grammar. Monsieur Jourdain's nurse did not say, "That man is your Father, and remember, Baby, that when you use 'Father' as applied to him only, 'Father' is a proper noun, but when you use the word indefinitely, so that it might imply anybody's father, then 'father' is a common noun." Even Monsieur Jourdain grew up capable of using the word "Father" correctly without the assistance of grammarians. Indeed, had his nurse enlarged on the subject as suggested, she would probably have so confused and intimidated her charge that he would

never have dared to use the word at all lest he should be using it incorrectly.

Men speak and write eloquently because they have something to say. No grammar ever written will tell them what to say. The business of grammarians is to notice what they have said, and to compare the result with the way in which other men have spoken, and so gradually to build up common forms of usage in the same way that case-law is evolved by Judges referring to the decisions of previous judges in similar circumstances.

Where "dead languages" are concerned, that is, languages no longer spoken, such as Latin and Greek, the grammarian has been able to build up a more or less comprehensive list of "rules" based on the common uses of those languages by the most eminent Latin and Greek authors; even then it is usually possible to find exceptions to almost every rule. In the case of a living language, such as English, the attitude of the grammarian should be a great deal more humble than it often is. English grammar is merely evolved, like Latin and Greek, from common forms of usage, and "rules" only exist in so far as it is clearly desirable that those who wish to write good English should use language as it has been used by the great English writers, such as Swift or Burke. As, however, the great English writers do not all use precisely the same syntax—many grammatical constructions, for instance, will be found in Lamb's *Essays* which would not be found in Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*—considerable latitude exists even here; and as, moreover, new great writers of English are still appearing and will continue to appear, let us hope, for many centuries, and as each of these new writers is liable to modify a point of grammar, change a construction, invent a word, or use a word in a new sense, it is useless to lay down stereotyped rules which at any moment may be "more honoured in the breach than the observance."

Take, for instance, the word "medicine." We are only accustomed to use "medicine" as a noun. We cannot, however, make a "rule" that medicine is a noun, for at any moment a live poet like Shakespeare may triumphantly break the rule :

" Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world
Shall ever *medicine* thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou owest yesterday."

Shakespeare calmly takes the noun "medicine," uses it as a verb, and turns it into the most effective word in the whole sentence.

" Regardless of grammar, they all cried 'that's him.' " No cry could have been more spontaneous than that of those priests when they saw the guilty jackdaw of Rheims. Since all speech in the beginning must have been spontaneous, it is hard to see how even this use of "him" can be condemned except by a pedant. When one knocks on a door, to the answer "Who's that?" one spontaneously replies "It's me." Since this answer is usual, it is meaningless for the grammarian to say that it is wrong, for no construction in a living language has any further warrant than the fact that it is usual.

Nature and environment teach us to speak, and the way in which those English men and women who have had most to say that is worth saying, and who have expressed themselves most clearly, and most attractively, should be pointed out to us for our example. Any rules of grammar which make further claims than this have no warrant so far as living literature is concerned.

The fact that the grammar of a living language is perpetually fluctuating does not, however, mean that a student can afford to be ignorant of all grammatical terms. It is impossible to refer to the component parts of any sentence or to discuss the many live points which arise in the question of style, unless one has a moderate knowledge of the terms of

grammar. Such knowledge is interesting and useful so long as it is realized that it is only equivalent to the knowledge which a mechanic has of the component parts of a motor-car, and that it is as possible to write an essay without the one as to drive a car without the other. It is not possible, however, to drive a car without petrol. What is the petrol which drives the pen? In one word, it is "interest." From the moment a writer is interested in a subject, he can write about it: nobody with a grievance is tongue-tied. When some one complains that he cannot express himself, it invariably means that he has nothing to express, and one cannot have anything to express—at any rate anything worth expressing—unless one is interested. A natural writer is naturally interested, and has little difficulty in finding a subject on which his pen will flow easily. Others are less fortunate, less naturally endowed for writing; perhaps they are less highly charged with vitality, their sympathies are not easily aroused, their interests are more circumscribed, their enthusiasm is less keen, their experience less wide. Let not any one of these think that he cannot compete with the more natural writer. It is his business, and the business of those who would help him, to search patiently till something is found which does interest, and to adopt every device for arousing and creating interest. However widely the net must be thrown, however curious and eccentric the hobby which at last sets the pen moving, this solves the riddle of composition. The instinct for creation, one of the deepest and most universal instincts, is aroused, and by the successful essay, or poem, or play, or letter, it is triumphantly satisfied.

Returning to the simile of the car, the object of the following chapters is to ensure that the writer has a reasonable knowledge of the construction of his machine, and then to arouse the vital spark which will enable him to drive it with all the spontaneity and ease which is the secret not of machinery but of Nature.

CHAPTER I

THE ESSAY

A LADY at a book-tea, where every one had to wear a picture on a card to represent a book, arrived with an illustration of a pig trying to get over a gate. This was intended to represent *Bacon's Essays*. It is true that the essay is an attempt: it is an attempt to deal with any particular subject less formally than in a treatise.

Of all compositions the essay is the freest. It may treat of any subject, in any style, at any length, in any mood, and have equal chances of success. All that is necessary is that the writing of the essay should be of a genuine literary quality, and that the reader should be interested. The historian must be concerned as to whether his facts are true, the philosopher as to whether his deductions are valid, the dramatist as to whether his effects are telling, the critic as to whether his views are justified: none of these considerations need trouble the essayist. Let him take his seat in the summer-house or by the winter fire, and if by his quiet talk he can hold his audience so that they forget the apples in the orchard or the ice on the pond, he has achieved what he has essayed: and when he has conversed on paper so that his talk is for all time, he is the classic essayist.

Because there are no rules for essay-writing there are in a sense no models. Every essayist is a law unto himself, and one essayist cannot achieve success by obeying the laws of another. Nor does any great essayist consciously

formulate the laws even of his own craft. His essay is the expression of his personality, and is controlled only by his nature.

To write like Charles Lamb, one must be Charles Lamb. Lamb did not say to himself, before writing an essay: "Now I am going to write a very whimsical and egotistical essay, in which mirth will be mingled with tears, which will contain long and curious words, sudden parentheses, abrupt exclamations, inaccurate quotations, elfish humour, artless art: in which, whatever the subject, my own invincible personality will play so strong a part, that I shall seem at every moment to be jumping out of the printed page and exchanging laughter and regrets with my reader face to face." Yet Lamb was like that, and, when he wrote, the thing just happened.

Though the Essays of the great essayists cannot therefore serve for models, they remain for inspirations. To read the following essay of Lamb with appreciation is more stimulating than any amount of abstract advice on essay-writing. It cannot, however, be too emphatically stated that the object of reading such an essay is not that one should write another in imitation of Lamb, but that one should write one to express one's own personality as Lamb wrote to express his.

THAT WE MUST NOT LOOK A GIFT HORSE IN THE MOUTH

Nor a lady's age in the parish register. We hope we have more delicacy than to do either; but some faces spare us the trouble of these *dental* inquiries. And what if the beast, which my friend would force upon my acceptance, prove, upon the face of it, a sorry Rosinante, a lean, ill-favoured jade, whom no gentleman could think of setting up in his stables? Must I, rather than not be obliged to my friend, make her a companion to Eclipse or Lightfoot? A horse-giver, no more than a horse-seller, has a right to palm his spavined article upon us for good ware. An equivalent is expected in either case; and, with my own good will, I would no more be cheated out of my thanks than out of my money.

Some people have a knack of putting upon you gifts of no real value, to engage you to substantial gratitude. We thank them for nothing. Our friend Mitis carries this humour of never refusing a present to the very point of absurdity—if it were possible to couple the ridiculous with so much mistaken delicacy and real good-nature. Not an apartment in his fine house (and he has a true taste in household decorations), but is stuffed up with some preposterous print or mirror—the worst adapted to his panels that may be—the presents of his friends that know his weakness; while his noble Vandykes are displaced to make room for a set of daubs, the work of some wretched artist of his acquaintance, who, having had them returned upon his hands for bad likenesses, finds his account in bestowing them here gratis. The good creature has not the heart to mortify the painter at the expense of an honest refusal. It is pleasant (if it did not vex one at the same time) to see him sitting in his dining-parlour, surrounded with obscure aunts and cousins to God knows whom, while the true Lady Marys and Lady Bettys of his own honourable family, in favour to these adopted frights, are consigned to the staircase and the lumber-room. In like manner his goodly shelves are one by one stripped of his favourite old authors, to give place to a collection of presentation copies—the flour and bran of modern poetry. A presentation copy, reader—if haply you are yet innocent of such favours—is a copy of a book which does not sell, sent you by the author, with his foolish autograph at the beginning of it; for which, if a stranger, he only demands your friendship; if a brother author, he expects from you a book of yours, which does sell, in return. We can speak to experience, having by us a tolerable assortment of these gift-horses. Not to ride a metaphor to death, we are willing to acknowledge that in some gifts there is sense. A duplicate out of a friend's library (where he has more than one copy of a rare author) is intelligible. There are favours short of the pecuniary—a thing not fit to be hinted at among gentlemen—which confer as much grace upon the acceptor as the offerer. The kind, we confess, which is most to our palate, is of those little conciliatory missives which for their vehicle generally choose a hamper—little odd presents of game, fruit,

perhaps wine—though it is essential to the delicacy of the latter that it be home-made. We love to have our friend in the country sitting thus at our table by proxy ; to apprehend his presence (though a hundred miles may be between us) by a turkey, whose goodly aspect reflects to us his “plump corpusculum ;” to taste him in grouse or woodcock : to feel him gliding down in the toast peculiar to the latter ; to concorporate him in a slice of Canterbury brawn. This is indeed to have him within ourselves—to know him intimately ; such participation is methinks unitive, as the old theologians phrase it. For these considerations, we should be sorry if certain restrictive regulations, which are thought to bear hard upon the peasantry of this country, were entirely done away with. A hare, as the law now stands, makes many friends. Caius conciliates Titius (knowing his *goût*) with a leash of partridges. Titius (suspecting his partiality for them) passes them to Lucius ; who, in his turn, preferring his friend’s relish to his own, makes them over to Marcius ; till, in their ever-widening progress, and round of unconscious circum-migration, they distribute the seeds of harmony over half a parish. We are well disposed to this kind of sensible remembrances ; and are the less apt to be taken by those little airy tokens—impalpable to the palate—which, under the names of rings, locketts, keepsakes, amuse some people’s fancy mightily. We could never away with these indigestible trifles. They are the very kickshaws and foppery of friendship.—From *Popular Fallacies* (LAMB’S *Essays of Elia*).

So writes a master essayist in the lightest of moods. Contrast this graceful flippancy with the impressive severity of Bacon, writing *Of Studies* :

OF STUDIES

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring ; for ornament, is in discourse ; and for ability, is in the judgement and disposition of business. For expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one ; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshalling of affairs,

come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies is sloth ; to use them too much for ornament is affectation ; to make judgement wholly by their rules is the humour of the scholar. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience ; for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need proyning by study ; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men contemn studies ; simple men admire them ; and wise men use them : for they teach not their own use ; but that is a wisdom without them and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute ; nor to believe and take for granted ; nor to find talk and discourse ; but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested : that is, some books are to be read only in parts ; others to be read, but not curiously ; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others ; but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books ; else distilled books are like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man ; conference a ready man ; and writing an exact man. And therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory ; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit ; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise ; poets witty ; the mathematics subtile ; natural philosophy deep ; moral grave ; logic and rhetoric able to contend. *Abeunt studia in mores*. Nay, there is no stond or impediment in the wit, but may be wrought out by fit studies : like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises. Bowling is good for the stone and reins ; shooting for the lungs and breast ; gentle walking for the stomach ; riding for the head ; and the like. So if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics ; for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again : if his wit be not apt to distinguish or find differences, let him study the schoolmen ; for they are *cymini seclores* : if he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call one thing to prove and illustrate

another, let him study the lawyers' cases: so every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.—FRANCIS BACON.

With Lamb's playfulness and Bacon's serenity, contrast the savage irony of Swift, who is stirred even by so homely an article as a broomstick to contemptuous and wrathful strictures upon the whole race of man.

A MEDITATION UPON A BROOMSTICK, ACCORDING TO THE
STYLE AND MANNER OF THE HON. ROBERT BOYLE'S
MEDITATIONS

This single stick, which you now behold ingloriously lying in that neglected corner, I once knew in a flourishing state in a forest; it was full of sap, full of leaves, and full of boughs; but now in vain does the busy art of man pretend to vie with nature, by tying that withered bundle of twigs to its sapless trunk; it is now at best but the reverse of what it was, a tree turned upside down, the branches on the earth, and the root in the air; it is now handled by every dirty wench, condemned to do her drudgery, and, by a capricious kind of fate, destined to make her things clean, and be nasty itself; at length, worn out to the stumps in the service of the maids, it is either thrown out of doors, or condemned to the last use of kindling a fire. When I beheld this, I sighed, and said within myself: Surely mortal man is a broomstick! nature sent him into the world strong and lusty, in a thriving condition, wearing his own hair on his head, the proper branches of this reasoning vegetable, until the axe of intemperance has lopped off his green boughs, and left him a withered trunk; he then flies to art, and puts on a periwig, valuing himself upon an unnatural bundle of hairs, all covered with powder, that never grew on his head; but now should this our broomstick pretend to enter the scene, proud of those birchen spoils it never bore, and all covered with dust, though the sweepings of the finest lady's chamber, we should be apt to ridicule and despise its vanity. Partial judges that we are of our own excellences, and other men's defaults!

But a broomstick, perhaps you will say, is an emblem of a tree standing on its head: and pray, what is man but a

topsy-turvy creature, his animal faculties perpetually mounted on his rational, his head where his heels should be—grovelling on the earth! and yet, with all his faults, he sets to be a universal reformer and corrector of abuses, a remover of grievances; rakes into every slut's corner of nature, bringing hidden corruptions to the light, and raises a mighty dust where there was none before, sharing deeply all the while in the very same pollutions he pretends to sweep away. His last days are spent in slavery to women, and generally the least deserving; till, worn to the stumps, like his brother-besom, he is either kicked out of doors, or made use of to kindle flames for others to warm themselves by.—SWIFT.

Contrast with the bitterness of Swift's Mephistophelian humour, the gay ridiculous humour which De Quincey introduces into his essay on *The English Mail-Coach*.

Great wits jump. The very same idea had not long before struck the celestial intellect of China. Amongst the presents carried out by our first embassy to that country was a state-coach. It had been specially selected as a personal gift by George III.; but the exact mode of using it was an intense mystery to Pekin. The Ambassador, indeed (Lord Macartney), had made some imperfect explanations upon this point; but, as his Excellency communicated these in a diplomatic whisper, at the very moment of his departure, the celestial intellect was very feebly illuminated, and it became necessary to call a Cabinet Council on the grand state question, "Where was the Emperor to sit?" The hammer-cloth happened to be unusually gorgeous; and partly on that consideration, but partly also because the box offered the most elevated seat, was nearest to the moon, and undeniably went foremost, it was resolved by acclamation that the box was the Imperial throne, and for the scoundrel who drove, he might sit where he could find a perch. The horses, therefore, being harnessed, solemnly his Imperial Majesty ascended his new English throne under a flourish of trumpets, having the First Lord of the Treasury on his right hand, and the Chief Jester on his left. Pekin

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 gloried in the spectacle; and in the whole flowery people, constructively present by representation, there was but one discontented person, and *that* was the coachman. This mutinous individual audaciously shouted, "Where am I to sit?" But the Privy Council, incensed by his disloyalty unanimously opened the door, and kicked him into the inside. He had all the inside places to himself; but such is the rapacity of ambition, that he was still dissatisfied. "I say," he cried out in an extempore petition, addressed to the Emperor through the window—"I say, how am I to catch hold of the reins?"—"Anyhow," was the Imperial answer; "don't trouble *me*, man, in my glory. How catch the reins? Why, through the windows, through the keyholes—*anyhow*." Finally this contumacious coachman lengthened the check-strings into a sort of jury-reins, communicating with the horses; with these he drove as steadily as Pekin had any right to expect. The Emperor returned after the briefest of circuits; he descended in great pomp from his throne, with the severest resolution never to remount it. A public thanksgiving was ordered for his Majesty's happy escape from the disease of broken neck; and the state-coach was dedicated thenceforward as a votive offering to the god Fo-Fo—whom the learned more accurately called Fi-Fi.

Lastly, see how A. G. Gardiner, the twentieth-century essayist, is able to combine seriousness, gaiety, philosophy, satire, and poetry in one brief essay.

THE CULT OF THE KNIFE AND FORK

I WAS walking in the Chiltern Hills with a friend not long ago when we turned into the inn at Chenies for lunch. There were only two people in the dining-room—a man and, I take it, his wife, who were sitting at a table laden with a cold roast of beef, vegetables, pickles, cheese and bread, and large tankards of beer. The man was a hefty person with red hair, a red face, and a "fair round belly." He took no notice of our entrance, and he took no notice of the timid little woman in front of him. He gave his undivided attention to his knife and fork and the joint before him. He cut

and came again with the steady gravity of a man who took his victuals seriously and had no time for frivolous talk. When at last the fury of his appetite abated, he took a last deep draught from the tankard, drew his napkin across his mouth, stretched himself, and, speaking for the first time to the timid little woman in front of him, said :

" Well, we'd better be getting on if we're going to catch that train to Rickmansworth " (two stations or so off).

" But what do we want to stop at Rickmansworth for ? " ventured the timid little woman.

" What do we want to stop at Rickmansworth for ? " repeated the man in a tone in which astonishment and indignation struggled for mastery. " *Well, I suppose we've got to have tea !* "

He spoke as though the deepest feelings of his nature had been wounded. He was having a day's outing in the country, and here was this insensible woman before him who actually wanted to know what they were going to Rickmansworth for. What had they come out for if it was not to have lunch at Chenies *and* tea at Rickmansworth ? In his mind Chenies lived as a place where you got lashings of cold beef and pickles, washed down with good ale, at the inn, and Rickmansworth as a place where you called to have tea and eggs and bread and butter and jam. I do not speak disrespectfully of those to whom the memory of good food hangs like a halo round a place. Hazlitt remembered Llangollen, not merely because he first read the *New Eloise* there, but because he read it to the accompaniment of a bottle of sherry and a cold chicken. And again : " I remember the leg of Welsh mutton and the turnips that day had the finest flavour imaginable," he says, when referring to his first meeting with Coleridge.

Indeed, not the least of Hazlitt's charms is his hearty delight in the table. His adventures have a trick of ending in the cheerful music of knife and fork. Thus he tells how in his youthful days when he was trying to live by art he painted a portrait of a Manchester manufacturer, and being very hungry, having lived for the past fortnight chiefly on coffee, he slurred over the painting of his sitter's coat in order that he might hear the five guineas reward jingling in his

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pocket. Then, the guineas secure, he hurried to the market-place and dined on sausages and mashed potatoes, "a noble dish for strong stomachs ; and while they were getting ready and I could hear them hissing in the pan, I read a volume of *Gil Blas* containing the account of the fair Aurora."

But with all the gusto of these and many similar allusions to food, it will be observed that the pleasures of eating were incidental and not primary. It was the associations of the food that made it memorable. The sherry and the chicken, like Llangollen itself, were irradiated by the spirit of Rousseau, and the Welsh mutton and the turnips lingered on the palate of memory with the impression of Coleridge's astonishing eloquence. It was the intellectual zest of the occasion that added a touch of poetry to the food. The Welsh mutton caught the rapture of the prophet, the sherry glowed with the fire of new thought and the hissing of the sausages and mash in the pan was mingled with the tale of the fair Aurora. That is the way to dignify the remembrance of our creature comforts. It is no dishonour even to the Finsteraarhorn to remember the noble bowl of steaming hot soup that you had in the hut when the climb was done, and many a fine walk is rounded off in retrospect by the fare that awaited us at the inn. Even bread and cheese and beer may be suffused with the glory of a great adventure and Mr. George Saintsbury, who has as much zest over his food as Hazlitt had, will grow lyrical even over sandwiches, taken to the right accompaniment of time and place.

But to remember Chenies for its beef and pickles is to exalt beef and pickles to too high a place in our affections. I have known men who have travelled much and who seem to have brought nothing back from their travels but menu cards. Such a one was coming up the other day from Devonshire, whither he had been for a holiday. I know no finer country for a holiday, nor one better worth growing dithyrambic about. After much travelling and many affairs of the heart with the English counties I think my verdict has gone finally to Devonshire. Where shall we find such colour, such moorlands, such a variety of coast-line, so warm and generous a feeling about Nature and man ? If I had a second innings on earth and had my choice of birthplace I think I

should choose to be born a Devon man. So I think would that man in the railway-carriage, but for other reasons than mine. He was an amiable and gossipy man who babbled to the company about his holiday experiences. He had been to many places on the South Devon coast, but so far as one could gather he had been eating all the time. Every place recalled some meal. There was Dartmouth, for example. If you ever went to Dartmouth be sure to go to such-and-such a tea-shop. Top-hole it was. Best place for tea in the town. You could have what they called "a light tea," and a very nice tea it was, with home-made jam and Devonshire cream. His face glowed with the succulent thought. Or you could have a heavy tea, a sort of a high tea, the constituents of which he recited with great precision, as a man might particularize his strokes at golf or his hands at cards or the mountains he had climbed.

Then there was Teignmouth. He went there and it was a fine place. And if you ever went to Teignmouth he had one piece of advice to give. Don't miss having lunch at the "Boar's Head" or some such place. No end of a lunch. And reasonable too. Not cheap, mind you. He was not a person who believed in cheapness. But the quality! And with this introduction he travelled over the menu, the record of which occupied quite a substantial part of the journey to London. After this he continued the itinerary of his travels in quest of meals. He went up the Teign to Newton Abbot, and there or thereabouts he struck a most wonderful cockle tea. The cockles, it seemed, came out of the river, and it was his solid conviction that Newton Abbot was a place very well worth visiting if it was only to know what cockles could be like when they came fresh out of the water, and were taken to the accompaniment of the right sort of tea.

And so he babbled on about the places he had been to and the food he had eaten in them until one might have thought that Devonshire was a land strewn with tea-shops and restaurants. I offer him as a cautionary tale for those who rake the cult of the knife and fork a thought too seriously.

Exercises in Essay-Writing

1. Write essays on the following subjects, utilizing any of the material supplied :

(1) NEWSPAPERS

It is commonly urged against journalists that they write journalese. Define journalese, and give examples.

The present standard of British journalism is so high that the charge is only occasionally justified. Is there any danger of newspapers becoming so well written that books may become superfluous ?

Discuss the limitations of each of the best daily journals : its necessarily ephemeral interest. There is no reason, however, why periodicals should not become of lasting interest, as *The Tatler* and *The Spectator* of Addison and Steele became.

At the present day many people think it worth while to bind copies of *Punch*. Discuss *Punch's* value to the social historian and the significance and influence of *Punch's* cartoons on international relations.

Trace the rise of the important London daily papers from the latter part of the eighteenth century : the *Morning Post* (to which Coleridge contributed) was first in the field, then *The Times*.

Estimate the influence at the present time of the Press on politics, and consider whether any paper has the influence which *The Times* possessed when Delane was Editor.

The Theatrical Profession are apt to minimize the influence of dramatic criticism in the Press on the fortunes of a play. Consider to what extent the course of English drama is influenced by the newspapers.

Consider the virtues of musical criticism in the daily Press and in Sunday papers at the present time.

Contrast the merits of *The Morning Post* and *The Daily Telegraph*, *The Sunday Times* and *The Observer*, *The Daily Mail* and *The Daily Express*.

On what ground can *The Times* claim to be the greatest daily newspaper ?

Discuss the introduction of pictures into *The Times* and other papers.

Visualize what a daily newspaper will be like fifty years hence.

(2) MUSIC

Dr. Johnson said that music was the noise he minded least. What is your view, and what is your opinion of Johnson's view?

Do you think that the inventions for mechanical music-making, such as the pianola and the gramophone, will put an end in time to anybody troubling to learn to play an instrument for himself, or do you think that the human touch will always have an incomparable appeal?

What effect do you think that Wireless will have on people making music for themselves? Consider how those who are responsible for organizing wireless programmes are to cope with the difficulty that some listeners only want dance music and others only want classical music.

What evidence is there that the English nation is more musical to-day than in the reign of Queen Victoria?

Consider why England has never produced a really great composer except Handel who came from Germany, and discuss the fact that all the really great composers—Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Schumann, Schubert, Haydn, Mozart, and Wagner—were Germans.

Taking into account that Bach was the first great classical composer, and that he was only born in the seventeenth century, consider the view that, of the arts, music is the only one in which men can hope to make much progress. Literature, architecture, sculpture, and painting, have been practised for so long that new writers, artists, and architects, are only able to repeat the achievements of the past. But music is an almost uncharted sea of discovery.

(3) RAILWAYS

Write an essay on Railways, pointing out how, in spite of the general progress of civilization, a railway journey is still a very uncomfortable enterprise. Consider the advantages of travelling by motor-car.

Do you think it will soon be as common for the ordinary traveller to go by aeroplane as it is now for him to go by rail ?

When railroads were first built in England, Ruskin protested vigorously on the grounds that they would spoil the landscape. Do you think that a train seen in the distance is ugly ? Are not motor-cars, and charabancs much more injurious to scenery ? The train at least sticks to its rails, while motors render the most peaceful out-of-the-way villages hideous with their horns, and charabancs unload their companies, every member of which seems capable of leaving a paper bag about, in the most remote and picturesque beauty-spots.

The Imperial Airways have issued a report to prove that they have relatively fewer accidents among their passengers than occur on the railways. Do you think that this proves that travelling by air is safer than travelling by rail, remembering that accidents in the air are usually fatal ?

Every time you enter a train you entrust your life to the engine-driver, yet you do not take the trouble to make his acquaintance either before or after the journey. Is not this strange ?

(4) WIRELESS

What effect is wireless having upon the mentality of the nation ? Undoubtedly it is bringing cultural interests into innumerable new homes, but does it teach sufficient of any subject to leave more than a superficial result ?

Is listening-in likely to make people read less ?

What effect is it likely to have on pronunciation ? Is it desirable that it should establish a standard pronunciation and cause the disappearance of dialects ?

Consider to what uses wireless may be put during such an emergency as the General Strike, and what part it would play should there be another war.

To what extent is it possible or desirable for a Government to impress its views on the people by means of wireless ?

Consider the limitations imposed by his medium upon the dramatist who writes plays for the wireless.

Consider the relative merits of the following for wireless programmes : recitations of poetry, dance-music, dramatic

criticism, charitable appeals, weather forecasts, topical news, performances of opera.

Examine the view that wireless is the greatest democratic invention, since it is within the means of the smallest cottages.

Is wireless ever likely to compete seriously with newspapers?

Account for the impetus which wireless has given to the sale of gramophone records, when it was expected to prove a dangerous rival.

Visualize the possibilities of wireless in the future, combined with television.

(5) THE CINEMATOGRAPH

Has the cinematograph become a serious rival to the theatre? Is there any danger of its superseding the theatre altogether?

Consider what effects are possible in the theatre, such as the appeal of the human voice, and of living actors, which are not possible in the cinema. How far would an invention, by which the human voice is reproduced on gramophone records so as to synchronize with the action on the screen, go towards producing a fully life-like effect?

Consider what effects are possible on the screen, such as panoramic scenery, chariot-races, vast crowds, which are impossible in the theatre.

To what extent are books like *Ben Hur*, *Beau Geste*, and *Uncle Tom's Cabin* improved or not by being filmed?

Is there any virtue in making films of Shakespeare's plays (as has been done), considering that the primary appeal is in the beauty of Shakespeare's spoken poetry? Would not Milton's *Paradise Lost* be in many ways more suitable, when such incidents as Satan flying through Chaos would find on the screen the only possible means of adequate representation?

To what extent has the influence of America on film making been unsatisfactory and made for melodrama and sentimentality?

Appreciate the genius of Charlie Chaplin, and account for his world-wide appeal.

How does the cinema compare with newspapers in reproducing topical events?

Are war films likely to encourage or discourage future wars?

(6) THE FUTURE OF WAR

Is the fact that wars always have occurred a reason why they should continue to be inevitable ?

Do you think that it was true when it was said of the Great War that " This war, like the next war, is a war to end war ? "

Did the Great War prove that in a conflict between modern civilized nations the victor is no better off than the vanquished ?

Show how the weapons invented by modern science take away the romance and the desirable opportunities for the display of heroism on the battlefield, by forcing man to face scientific horrors which put an unjustifiable strain on the human qualities of courage and endurance.

In the combats of ancient chivalry the bravest, strongest, and most skilful warrior survived ; consider the irony of the fact that in modern scientific warfare the finest soldier is as vulnerable as the weakest.

Granted that war is admittedly a futile and archaic means of settling disputes between civilizations, granted that it is condemned as atrocious even by so fine a professional soldier as Sir William Robertson, and that another General European War would probably break up European civilization, is it not possible to find some means of avoiding such a universally condemned evil ?

Does any better means of preserving future peace exist than the League of Nations ? The League undoubtedly has its limitations, and cannot prevent an appeal to force if it has no power to enforce its influence. But at any rate it is working towards establishing that change in the heart of man which, as General Smuts said, is the essential step towards abolishing war.

2. Read the following extracts by master writers, and, deriving inspiration from them, write an essay of your own on the same subject as the extract.

(1) SLAVERY

We went to visit the galleys, being about twenty-five ; the captain of the " Galley Royal " gave us most courteous entertainment in his cabin, the slaves in the interim playing

both loud and soft music very rarely. Then he showed us how he commanded their motions with a nod and his whistle, making them row out. The spectacle was to me new and strange, to see so many hundreds of miserably naked persons, having their heads shaven close, and having only high red bonnets, a pair of coarse canvas drawers, their whole backs and legs naked, doubly chained about their middle and legs, in couples, and made fast to their seats, and all commanded in a trice by an imperious and cruel seaman. One Turk he much favoured, who waited on him in his cabin, but with no other dress than the rest, and a chain locked about his leg but not coupled. This galley was richly carved and gilded, and most of the rest were very beautiful. After bestowing something on the slaves, the captain sent a band of them to give us music at dinner where we lodged. I was amazed to contemplate how these miserable caitiffs lie in their galley, crowded together, yet there was hardly one but had some occupation by which, as leisure and calms permitted, they get some little money, insomuch as some of them have, after many years of cruel servitude, been able to purchase their liberty. Their rising forward and falling back at their oars is a miserable spectacle, and the noise of their chains with the roaring of the beaten waters has something of strange and fearful to one unaccustomed to it. They are ruled and chastised by strokes on their backs and soles of their feet on the least disorder, and without the least humanity; yet are they cheerful and full of knavery.—JOHN EVELYN.

(2) A LONDONER

I have passed all my days in London, until I have formed as many and intense local attachments as any of you mountaineers can have done with dead nature. The lighted shops of the Strand and Fleet Street, the innumerable traders, tradesmen and customers, coaches, waggons, playhouses, all the bustle and wickedness round about Covent Garden, the watchmen, drunken scenes, rattles—life awake, if you awake, at all hours of the night, the impossibility of being dull in Fleet Street, the crowds, the very dirt and mud, the sun shining upon houses and pavements, the print shops, the old book stalls, parsons cheap'ning books, coffee-houses, steams of soup from kitchens, the pantomimes, London itself a pantomime and a masquerade—all these things work themselves into my mind and feed me, without a power of satiating me.—CHARLES LAMB.

(3) A GENTLEMAN

He makes light of favours while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort, he has no ears for slander or gossip, is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him and interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out. For a long-sighted prudence, he observes the maxim of the ancient sage, that we should ever conduct ourselves towards our enemy as if he were to be our friend.—JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, *The Idea of a University*, Discourse viii, 10.

(4) THE MIDDLE AGES

For, indeed, a change was coming upon the world, the meaning and direction of which even still is hidden from us, a change from era to era. The paths trodden by the footsteps of ages were broken up; old things were passing away, and the faith and the life of ten centuries were dissolving like a dream. Chivalry was dying; the abbey and the castle were soon together to crumble into ruins; and all the forms, desires, beliefs, convictions of the old world were passing away, never to return. A new continent had risen up beyond the western sea. The floor of heaven, inlaid with stars, had sunk back into an infinite abyss of immeasurable space; and the firm earth itself, unfixed from its foundations, was seen to be but a small atom of the awful vastness of the universe. In the fabric of habit in which they had so laboriously built for themselves, mankind were to remain no longer.

And now it is all gone—like an unsubstantial pageant faded; and between us and the old English there lies a gulf of mystery which the prose of the historian will never adequately bridge. They cannot come to us, and our imagination can but feebly penetrate to them. Only among the aisles of our cathedrals, only as we gaze upon their silent figures sleeping on their tombs, some faint conceptions float before us of what these men were when they were alive; and perhaps in the sound of church bells, that peculiar creation of mediæval age, which falls upon the ear like the echo of a vanished world.—JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.
(From *The History of England*, Ch. I.)

(5) CHILDREN

They are wheeled in perambulators or dragged about by nurses in a pleasing stupor. A vague, faint, abiding wonderment possesses them. Here and there some specially remarkable circumstance, such as a water-cart or a guardsman, fairly penetrates into the seat of thought and calls them, for half a moment, out of themselves ; and you may see them, still towed forward sideways by the inexorable nurse as by a sort of destiny, but still staring at the bright object in their wake.—
R. L. STEVENSON. (From *Virginibus Pucisque*.)

(6) SHAKESPEARE

In all the work of Shakespeare there is nothing more like himself than those quiet words of parting—"Be cheerful, sir ; our revels now are ended."

Yet they are not ended ; and the generations who have come after him, and have read his book, and have loved him with an inalterable personal affection, must each, as they pass the way that he went, pay him their tribute of praise. His living brood have survived him, to be the companions and friends of men and women as yet unborn. His monument is still a feasting presence, full of light. When he was alive he may sometimes have smiled to think that the phantoms dancing in his brain were as real to him as the sights and sounds of the outer world. The population of that delicate shadowland seemed to have but a frail hold on existence. The one was taken and the other left ; this character served for a play, that phrase or sentence fitted a speech ; the others died in their cradles, or lived a moment upon the air, and were dissolved. Those that found acceptance were made over to the tender mercies of the players, for a week's entertainment of the populace. But now three centuries have passed since *King Lear* was written ; and we begin to rub our eyes, and wonder. "Change places, and, handy-dandy, which is the ghost, which is the man ?" Is the real man to be sought in that fragmentary story of Stratford and London, which, do what we will to revive it, has long ago grown faint as the memory of a last year's carouse ? That short and troubled time of his passage, during which he was hurried onward at an ever-increasing pace, blown upon by hopes and fears, cast down and uplifted, has gone like a dream, and has taken him bodily along with it. But his work remains. He

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wove upon the roaring loom of Time the garment that we see him by; and the earth at Stratford closed over the broken shuttle.—SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

(From *Shakespeare*, English Men of Letters Series.)

(7) ON LYING IN BED

Lying in bed would be an altogether perfect and supreme experience if only one had a coloured pencil long enough to draw on the ceiling. This, however, is not generally a part of the domestic apparatus on the premises. I think myself that the thing might be managed with several pails of Aspinall and a broom. Only if one worked in a really sweeping and masterly way, and laid on the colour in great washes, it might drip down again on one's face in floods of rich and mingled colour like some strange fairy rain; and that would have its disadvantages. I am afraid it would be necessary to stick to black and white in this form of artistic composition.—G. K. CHESTERTON.

(From *Tremendous Trifles*.)

(8) ENGLAND

To me, England is the country, and the country is England. And when I ask myself what I mean by England, when I think of England when I am abroad, England comes to me through my various senses—through the ear, through the eye, and through certain imperishable scents. I will tell you what they are, and there may be those among you who feel as I do.

The sounds of England, the tinkle of the hammer on the anvil in the country smithy, the cornrake on a dewy morning, the sound of the scythe against the whetstone, and the sight of a plough team coming over the brow of a hill, the sight that has been seen in England since England was a land, and may be seen in England long after the Empire has perished and every works in England has ceased to function, for centuries the one eternal sight of England. The wild anemones in the woods in April, the last load at night of hay being drawn down a lane as the twilight comes on, when you can scarcely distinguish the figures of the horses as they take it home to the farm, and above all, most subtle, most penetrating and most moving, the smell of wood smoke coming up in an autumn evening, or the smell of the scutch fires: that wood smoke that our ancestors, tens

of thousands of years ago, must have caught on the air when they were coming home with the result of the day's forage, when they were still nomads, and when they were still roaming the forests and the plains of the continent of Europe. These things strike down into the very depths of our nature, and touch chords that go back to the beginning of time and the human race, but they are chords that with every year of our life sound a deeper note in our innermost being.

These are the things that make England, and I grieve for it that they are not the childish inheritance of the majority of the people to-day in our country. They ought to be the inheritance of every child born into this country, but nothing can be more touching than to see how the working man and woman after generations in the towns will have their tiny bit of garden if they can, will go to gardens if they can, to look at something they have never seen as children, but which their ancestors knew and loved. The love of these things is innate and inherent in our people.—STANLEY BALDWIN.

3. Write an essay on :

- (1) The Disadvantages of the Examination System.
- (2) Whether it is wiser to "Look before you leap" or to remember that "Faint heart never won fair lady."
- (3) The Possibilities of Television.
- (4) The Salvage of Submarines.
- (5) Swimming the Channel.
- (6) Flying the Atlantic.
- (7) The relative attractions of being a Housemaid, a Shop-assistant, and a Typist.
- (8) If the gramophone had been invented a thousand years ago, describe the six records, made by celebrities of the past, which you would most like to possess to-day.
- (9) The Monotony of Breakfast Dishes.
- (10) The relative merits of American, German, and English films.
- (11) To what extent Leonardo da Vinci anticipated the inventions of modern science.

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- (12) The debt owed by Europe to President Wilson for inaugurating the League of Nations.
- (13) Whether it is justifiable to smoke or eat chocolates in the theatre.
- (14) The relative intelligence of horses and parrots.
- (15) The difference in character between cats and dogs.
- (16) The relative abilities of Hannibal, Marlborough, and Marshal Foch, as generals.
- (17) Limericks.
- (18) The Collector's mania.
- (19) "Every generation has to live in houses built to suit the needs and tastes of the previous generation." Discuss.
- (20) The advantage or disadvantage of being an only child.
- (21) Precautions against fire.
- (22) The relative attractions of living in a house and a flat.
- (23) Dr. Johnson's debt to Boswell.
- (24) Congreve's "marotte" that "literature is no profession for a gentleman."
- (25) Gentlemen's evening dress—past and present.
- (26) *The Forsyte Saga* as a picture of the social England of its time.
- (27) Bugbears.
- (28) The theory that the criminal should not be punished but reformed.
- (29) The difference in the social life of England a hundred years before and a hundred years after the Norman Conquest.
- (30) The effect of motoring on rural England.
- (31) The difference between poetry and prose.
- (32) The ideal hunting country.
- (33) How grown-up people appear to children in the nursery.
- (34) What type of shop it would be most interesting to keep.
- (35) What Milton would have thought of Women's Suffrage.
- (36) The uses to which reproductions of famous pictures might be put in education.

- (37) Contrast the life-work of Peter the Great with that of Lenin.
- (38) Wedding-presents.
- (39) Books to be kept always by the bedside.
- (40) Purchasing on the instalment system.
- (41) Why Edward VII was popular.
- (42) Whether it is preferable to stay away in a hotel or in lodgings.
- (43) The last play you have seen.
- (44) The first film which thrilled you.
- (45) The book which most bored you.
- (46) Reasons for living in (a) the country, (b) the town, (c) the suburbs.
- (47) The decaying popularity of the Pantomime.
- (48) Shopping in great stores.
- (49) Caged birds.
- (50) What you would say if you were asked to broadcast to the world for a quarter of an hour.

CHAPTER II

LITERARY APPRECIATIONS

THERE is no more frequent question in English examinations, than one which requires the candidate to write an appreciation of a character in a play or a novel, or to appreciate a poem or an essay or an extract from a longer work.

In the first place it should be clearly understood that the word "appreciation" thus used does not mean that the candidate has necessarily to praise : he is meant to assess the subject, saying in what respect it does or does not appeal to him : in what way he considers the composition good or bad. As the candidate is likely to be asked to "appreciate" accepted classics, the occasions when he is justified in censuring the quality of the work are few. If, for instance, he is asked to write an appreciation of Satan, in Milton's *Paradise Lost*, he will be foolish if he tries to make out that Milton has shown no skill in the portrayal of Satan : that, however, does not mean that he has also got to like Milton's Satan as a character : he may admire this Satan, or he may not : it is a matter of opinion, and in his appreciation of the character he may express either view.

In writing appreciations it is essential to quote short extracts from the text of the original. If the character of Shakespeare's Macbeth is the subject, some self-revealing words of Macbeth, or words of another character in the play commenting on Macbeth, should be quoted to support and illustrate the student's own words. Supposing the student is saying that

Macbeth, although he is a brave general and ambitious for the crown, has a kindliness in his nature which makes him shrink from murdering Duncan, let him quote the words of Lady Macbeth :

“ Yet do I fear thy nature :
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way.”

If he is saying that, while Cassius and the other conspirators murdered Cæsar out of personal ambition and envy, Brutus acted only from the highest motives, and because he was persuaded that Cæsar's death would be an essential benefit to the State, let him quote the words of Mark Antony :

“ This was the noblest Roman of them all :
All the conspirators save only he
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar ;
He only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them.”

Appreciations which thus contain quotations from the original text look vastly more impressive than those which do not. Unless the student quotes, he is always liable to be suspected of having got up his work from text-books and introductions, of giving second-hand opinions, and of never having grappled with the originals at all. If he quotes aptly, he puts it beyond doubt that he is familiar with his texts.

All quotations must be put in inverted commas. It is quite unnecessary to say “as Lady Macbeth says in Act I, Sc. 5, lines 15-17,” the inverted commas imply this, and are all that is necessary. In any case, when in practising appreciations it is permissible to refer to the texts, it is never desirable to give the exact act, scene, and line, where quotations occur. The information looks ugly, and in an examination, when books cannot be consulted, no candidate would be expected to give such an exact reference. The actual words, however, of such quotations made in practising should be memorized, as they are

very likely to be useful in the examination room. For this reason quotations should not be too long : they may vary in length from a phrase of a few words to five or six lines, but, if longer, they are hard to remember, and in any case are likely to be out of proportion to the student's own material. The quotations should be frequent but short : three or four to an ordinary foolscap sheet of the student's own work is a satisfactory average.

Quotations from poetry which are a complete line or more in length must always be written on lines of their own, as follows :

"Shelley says to his skylark :

‘ Hail to thee, blithe Spirit !
Bird thou never wert.’

Keats calls after the nightingale :

‘ Was it a vision or a waking dream ? ’

But poets, and prose-writers too, have often treated birds as people."

If, however, the words quoted from poetry are less than a line, they may be incorporated in inverted commas in the rest of the sentence : *e.g.* : "In spite of his evil ambitions and humiliating defeat, Milton's Satan never seems 'less than archangel ruined.'"

Quoting from memory in prose is more difficult, and examiners cannot expect very much : short, pregnant, vivid, phrases are easiest and most suitable, such as the opening of an essay by Bacon "Houses are built to live in, and not to look on," or a concise, weighty, aphorism, such as Burke's "I do not know the method of drawing up an indictment against a whole people," or such memorable words as those with which *A Tale of Two Cities* closes : "It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done ; it is a far, far better rest that I go to, than I have ever known."

In writing appreciations it is not necessary to tell the plot of a play or novel : it may be taken for granted that both writer and reader know the story ; time should not be wasted on retailing the plot of *Twelfth Night* which should be devoted to contrasting the characters of Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Aguecheek ; or to reproducing all the events which Hazlitt describes in his essay *The Fight*, when the writer has been asked to say what qualities as an essayist Hazlitt displays in this essay. At the same time, the wider the knowledge shown of the work as a whole, the better. It is not enough to know what Hamlet says : you must also know what is said to him and about him by all the other characters : an appreciation of Hamlet as seen through the eyes of Ophelia, Osric, and the first Grave-digger, would make a particularly penetrating study.

When asked to show in what respects an essay is typical of the writer, it is necessary to have read as many other essays of that writer as possible, and as many other essays by other writers, so as to make comparison and contrast possible. Also it is desirable to know as much as possible about the life of the writer, which is sure to throw light on his tastes and characteristics.

Lastly, let the caution be repeated that, when dealing with accepted classics, the student should be chary of criticizing contemptuously and presumptuously. It is true that it is no doubt equally undesirable to praise insincerely and to affect enthusiasm when it is not felt ; but, bearing in mind that what the majority of those most competent to judge have persistently regarded as great art is likely to be so, let the student examine it patiently and only when he derives something of the same thrill himself from a piece of great literature which others have felt, is he in a position to criticize it, for only then is he in sympathy with his subject. But whether he praises or blames, let him above all say what he has to say in his own words. It is a profound mistake to think that by repeating the words of a master critic you are setting down something more valuable

than your own criticism, however immature that may be. It is a law of art that no good thing can be repeated. What sounded suitable and impressive from the master critic will probably sound unnatural and pretentious from the student: like the jackdaw who dressed himself in peacock's feathers, he will produce a ludicrous result. Let him give his own opinion in his own language and even if both are open to criticism they can never justly be subjected to ridicule.

Example of Writing a Literary Appreciation

Discuss the Character of Macbeth.

MACBETH

Even before the curtain rises on the play, Macbeth has formed the intention of seizing Duncan's throne. On his first appearance on the stage he betrays his mind, at the salutation of the third Witch:

"Third Witch. All hail, Macbeth! thou shalt be king hereafter!

Banquo. Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear Things that do sound so fair?"

It is clear from the first that Macbeth is a fine soldier—"Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof"—and when his service on behalf of the King brings the prophecy of the second Witch, that he shall bethane of Cawdor, to fulfilment, the question arises whether, in order to secure the third great prophecy, of the kingship, he has only to await the development of Fate, or must bestir himself on his own behalf:

*"If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,
Without my stir."*

Here is one of the keys to Macbeth's character. He doesn't want to stir. He is ambitious for the crown, but his imagination holds him back. He shrinks from action which is bound to be evil, not for moral reasons, but because he pictures how

unpleasant the immediate consequences may be. He is prepared to risk the consequences in the after life :

“ But in these cases
We still have judgment here ; . . . ”

Moreover, he has a sentimental, almost squeamish side which shrinks from violence. Lady Macbeth is justified in her fears that her husband's nature :

“ Is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way.”

Without his wife it is very unlikely that Macbeth would ever have steeled himself to his crime, and, as it is, he enumerates in monologues every conceivable reason for not committing it : Duncan is his kinsman and his King, and a man of the greatest virtue ; he should claim the immunity of a guest ; pity itself pleads for him. To such an extent does Macbeth's fiery Celtic imagination torment him, even before the murder, that he sees in the air an imaginary dagger, dripping “ gouts of blood,” and tries vainly to clutch it. When finally he climbs to Duncan's bedroom, he knows that it is only because his sides are pricked by “ vaulting ambition,” and the spectators know that it is only Lady Macbeth who has held him to the course.

“ *Macbeth.* If we should fail ?

Lady Macbeth.

We fail !

But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail.”

So soon as the deed is done, Macbeth's imagination runs riot. As he looks at his blood-stained hands, his mind begins its torturing questions : why could he not say “ Amen,” when the grooms in their sleep cried out “ God bless us ” ? Instead of answering his wife's practical questions, he breaks out into a highly poetic and utterly irrelevant apostrophe to sleep :

“ Innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care.”

His wife truly sees that if the deed is thought on in such feverish ways it will make them mad. Yet after the crisis it is Lady Macbeth's nerve that first gives way. Macbeth is buoyed up by sheer lust for more blood which takes hold of him :

" To be thus is nothing ;
But to be safely thus."

He strikes out wildly at any who may suspect the truth. Banquo is murdered, Fleance barely escapes, while, in the absence of Macduff in England, Lady Macduff and her children are savagely slaughtered. At the banquet, where the ghost of Banquo appears, Macbeth loses his head, and Lady Macbeth has to sustain their position ; yet it is she who at last unconsciously divulges the guilty secret, when the strain on her nerves has caused her to sleep-walk.

In the last scenes, Macbeth is left alone, deprived, in bearing the consequences of his sin, of the one source of strength which had driven him to commit it.

His lust for blood gives way to apathy, and he falls into the depths of melancholy. Even the news of Lady Macbeth's death scarcely rouses him. His wells of emotion have run dry :

" She should have died hereafter ;
There would have been a time for such a word.

.
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more :"

Yet when retribution appears at his gates in the person of Macduff, the old soldier in him awakes, and he girds on his armour that he may at least die in harness. He fights not from any wish to live longer, but from the more animal instinct of self-preservation :

" They have tied me to a stake ; I cannot fly,
But bear-like I must fight the course."

His last words as he leaves the stage to meet his end in the duel with Macduff ring with a desperate courage :

“ Lay on, Macduff ;
And damn'd be him that first cries, ‘ Hold, enough ! ’ ”

Thus he passes finally from the scene with a certain appropriate dignity : an example of a man who was more at his ease in facing death than in facing life.

Exercises in Writing Literary Appreciations

1. Read the following from The Prologue to Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* and describe in your own words the characters of the Knight and the Prioress :

THE KNIGHT

A Knight ther was, and that a worthy man,
That fro the tyme that he first bigan
To ryden out, he lovèd chivalrye,
Trouthe and honóur, fredom and curteisye.
Ful worthy was he in his lordès werre,
And therto hadde he riden, no man ferre,
As wel in Cristendom as in hethenesse,
And ever honoured for his worthinesse.
At Alisaundre he was, when it was wonne ;
Ful ofté tyme he hadde the bord bigonne
Aboven allé naciouns in Pruce.
In Lettow hadde he reysèd and in Ruce,—
No Cristen man so ofte of his degree.
In Gernade at the sege eek hadde he be
Of Algezir, and riden in Belmarye.
At Lyeys was he, and at Satalye,
Whan they were wonne : and in the Gretè See
At many a noble aryve hadde he be.
At mortal batailles hadde he been fiftene,
And foughten for our feith at Tramissene
In listès thryès, and ay slayn his fo.
This ilkè worthy knyght had been also
Somtyme with the lord of Palatye
Ageyn another hethen in Turkye ;

And everemore he hadde a sovereyn prys.
 And though that he were worthy, he was wys,
 And of his port as meke as is a mayde.
 He never yet no vileinye ne sayde,
 In al his lyf, unto no maner wight.
 He was a verray parfit, gentil knight.

But for to tellen yow of his array,
 His hors were gode, but he was nat gay.
 Of fustian he wered a gipoun
 Al bismótered with his habergeun,
 For he was late y-come from his viage,
 And wente for to doon his pilgrimage.

* * * *

THE NUN

Ther was also a Nonné, a Prioressse,
 That of hir smyling was ful simple and coy ;
 Hire gretteste ooth was but by seint Loy,
 And she was clepéd madame Eglentyne.
 Ful wel she soing the service divyne,
 Entuned in hir nose ful semely,
 And Frensh she spak ful faire and fetisly
 After the scole of Stratford-atté-Bowe,
 For Frensh of Paris was to hir unknowe.
 At meté wel y-taught was she with-alle,
 She leet no morsel from hir lippès falle,
 Ne wette hir fingrès in hir saucè depe.
 Wel coude she carie a morsel and wel kepe
 Thát no drope ne fille upon hir brest ;
 In curteisye was set ful muche hir lest.
 Hir over-lippè wypéd she so clene,
 That in hir coppe was no ferthing sene
 Of grece, whan she dronken hadde hir draughte.
 Ful semely after hir mete she raughte,
 And sikerly she was of greet desport,
 And ful plesáunt and amiable of port,
 And peynéd hire to countrefetè chere
 Of court, and been estatlich of manere,
 And to ben holden digne of reverence.
 But, for to speken of hire conscience,
 She was so charitable and so pitous
 She woldè wepe if that she sawe a mous

Caught in a trappe, if it were deed or bledde.
Of smale houndes hadde she that she fedde
With rosted flesh, or milk and wastel breed ;
But sorè weep she if oon of hem were deed,
Or if men smoot it with a yerdè smerte,
And al was conscience and tendrè herte.

Ful semely hir wimpel penchéd was ;
Hir nose tretys ; hir eyen greye as glas ;
Hir mouth ful smal and ther-to softe and reed ;
But sikerly she hadde a fair forheed ;
It was almost a spannè brood, I trowe,
For, hardily, she was nat undergrowe.
Ful fetis was hir cloke, as I was war ;
Of smal coral aboute hir arm she bar
A peire of bedès, gauded al with grene ;
And ther-on heng a broche of gold ful shene,
On which ther was first write a crownèd A,
And after, *Amor vincit omnia*.

Another Nonnè with hir haddè she
That was hir chapéleyn, and preestès thre.

2. Write an appreciation of any of the following Shakespearean characters :

King Lear, Othello, Prospero.
Julius Cæsar, Coriolanus, Henry V.
Iago, Edmund, Shylock, Richard III.
Desdemona, Cordelia, Ophelia, Perdita, Miranda, Juliet.
Cleopatra, Volumnia, Beatrice.
Jaques, Puck, Caliban.

3. Illustrate the truth of the following :

- (1) "The King in *Hamlet* is little better than a man of straw."
- (2) "If one thing be more certain than another it is that a predatory young gentleman such as Bassanio would not have chosen the leaden casket."
- (3) "This is not altogether fool, my lord" : said by Kent of Lear's Fool.
- (4) "Macbeth would not have killed Duncan had he been a bachelor."
- (5) "Shakespeare dislikes and distrusts crowds."

(6) Falstaff is "A man at once young and old, enterprising and fat, a dupe and a wit, harmless and wicked, weak in principle and resolute by constitution, cowardly in appearance and brave in reality; a knave without malice, a liar without deceit, and a knight, a gentleman, and a soldier, without either dignity, decency, or honour."

4. Contrast the characters of :

Hamlet and Horatio.

Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Aguecheek.

Celia and Rosalind.

Bottom and Quince.

Richard II and Henry IV.

Cassius, Brutus, and Antony.

Portia's Suitors.

5. What difference is to be observed between the following Shakespearean jesters ?

Touchstone, Feste, Autolycus, Lear's Fool.

6. Read the following extracts and discuss with what justification it has been contended that Satan is the hero of *Paradise Lost* :

SATAN'S VASTNESS AS HE LAY ON THE BURNING LAKE

Thus Satan, talking to his nearest mate,
With head uplift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blazed; his other parts besides,
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge
As whom the fables name of monstrous size,
Titanian, or Earth-born, that warred on Jove,
Briareos or Typhon, whom the den
By ancient Tarsus held, or that sea-beast
Leviathan, which God of all his works
Created hugest that swim the ocean-stream.
Him, haply, slumbering on the Norway foam,
The pilot of some small night-founded skiff
Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,
With fixed anchor in his scaly rind,
Moors by his side under the lee, while night
Invests the sea, and wished morn delays.

SATAN MOVES TOWARDS THE SHORE

He scarce has ceased when the superior Fiend
Was moving toward the shore ; his ponderous shield,
Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,
Behind him cast. The broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening from the top of Fesolè,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe.
His spear—to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great ammiral, were but a wand—
He walked with, to support uneasy steps
Over the burning marle, not like those steps
On Heaven's azure ; and the torrid clime
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire.
Nathless he so endured, till on the beach
Of that inflamèd sea he stood, and called
His legions, Angel forms, who lay entranced.

SATAN PITIES THE PLIGHT OF HIS FOLLOWERS

Their dread Commander. He, above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower ; his form had yet not lost
All her original brightness, nor appeared
Less than Archangel ruined, and the excess
Of glory obscured : as when the sun new-risen
Looks through the horizontal misty air
Shorn of his beams, or from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. Darkened so, yet shone
Above them all the Archangel ; but his face
Deep scars of thunder had intrenched, and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride
Waiting revenge. Cruel his eye, but cast
Signs of remorse and passion, to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather
(Far other once beheld in bliss), condemned
For ever now to have their lot in pain ;

Millions of Spirits for his fault amerced
 Of Heaven, and from eternal splendours flung
 For his revolt ; yet faithful how they stood,
 Their glory withered.

SATAN ASSERTS HIS PRE-EMINENCE AND OPENS THE DEBATE ON
 WHETHER ANOTHER BATTLE IS TO BE HAZARDED FOR THE
 RECOVERY OF HEAVEN

High on a throne of royal state, which far
 Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
 Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
 Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
 Satan exalted sat, by merit raised
 To that bad eminence ; and, from despair
 Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires
 Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue
 Vain war with Heaven ; and, by success untaught,
 His proud imaginations thus displayed :

“ Powers and Dominions, Deities of Heaven !
 For since no deep within her gulf can hold
 Immortal vigour, though oppressed and fallen,
 I give not Heaven for lost : from this descent
 Celestial Virtues rising will appear
 More glorious and more dread than from no fall,
 And trust themselves to fear no second fate.
 Me though just right, and the fixed laws of Heaven,
 Did first create your leader, next, free choice,
 With what besides, in counsel or in fight,
 Hath been achieved of merit, yet this loss,
 Thus far at least recovered, hath much more
 Established in a safe unenvied throne,
 Yielded with full consent. The happier state
 In Heaven, which follows dignity, might draw
 Envy from each inferior ; but who here
 Will envy whom the highest place exposes
 Foremost to stand against the Thunderer's aim
 Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share
 Of endless pain ? Where there is then no good
 For which to strive, no strife can grow up there
 From faction ; for none sure will claim in Hell
 Precedence, none whose portion is so small
 Of present pain that with ambitious mind

Will covet more. With this advantage then
 To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,
 More than can be in Heaven, we now return
 To claim our just inheritance of old,
 Surer to prosper than prosperity
 Could have assured us ; and by what best way,
 Whether of open war or covert guile,
 We now debate ; who can advise may speak."

SATAN VOLUNTEERS TO UNDERTAKE THE DANGEROUS
 JOURNEY TO THE WORLD ALONE

Satan, whom now transcendent glory raised
 Above his fellows, with monarchal pride
 Conscious of highest worth, unmoved thus spake :
 " O Progeny of Heaven, empyreal Thrones !
 With reason hath deep silence and demur
 Seized us, though undismayed. Long is the way
 And hard, that out of Hell leads up to light ;
 Our prison strong, this huge convex of fire,
 Outrageous to devour, immures us round
 Ninefold, and gates of burning adamant,
 Barred over us, prohibit all egress.
 These passed, if any pass, the void profound
 Of unessential Night receives him next,
 Wide-gaping, and with utter loss of being
 Threatens him, plunged in that abortive gulf.
 If thence he scape into whatever world,
 Or unknown region, what remains him less
 Than unknown dangers and as hard escape ?
 But I should ill become this throne, O Peers,
 And this imperial sovranty, adorned
 With splendour, armed with power, if aught proposed
 And judged of public moment, in the shape
 Of difficulty or danger, could deter
 Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume
 These royalties, and not refuse to reign,
 Refusing to accept as great a share
 Of hazard as of honour, due alike
 To him who reigns, and so much to him due
 Of hazard more, as he above the rest
 High honoured sits ?

SATAN'S FOLLOWERS REVERE THE COURAGE OF THEIR LEADER

Their rising all at once was as the sound
Of thunder heard remote. Towards him they bend
With awful reverence prone ; and as a god
Extol him equal to the Highest in Heaven.
Nor failed they to express how much they praised
That for the general safety he despised
His own ; for neither do the Spirits damned
Lose all their virtue ; lest bad men should boast
Their specious deeds on Earth, which glory excites,
Or close ambition varnisht o'er with zeal.
Thus they their doubtful consultations dark
Ended rejoicing in their matchless chief.

7. Read the following satirical portrait of the Duke of Buckingham, who appears as Zimri in Dryden's satire *Absalom and Achitophel*, and, without referring to the poem, describe Dryden's view of Buckingham in your own words :

ZIMRI (DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM)

Some of their Chiefs were Princes of the Land ;
In the first Rank of these did Zimri stand :
A man so various that he seemed to be
Not one, but all Mankind's Epitome.
Stiff in Opinions, always in the wrong ;
Was everything by Starts, and Nothing long :
But, in the course of one revolving Moon,
Was Chymist, Fiddler, States-man, and Buffoon ;
Then all for Women, Painting, Rhiming, Drinking,
Besides ten thousand Freaks that died in thinking.
Blest Madman, who could every hour employ,
With something New to wish, or to enjoy !
Railing and praising were his usual Themes ;
And both (to show his Judgment) in Extremes :
So over Violent, or over Civil,
That every Man, with him, was God or Devil.
In squandering Wealth was his peculiar Art :
Nothing went unrewarded, but Desert.
Beggared by fools, whom still he found too late :
He had his Jest, and they had his Estate.

8. What light do the following extracts from Pepys's *Diary* throw on the Diarist's character ?

June 1, 1665. After dinner I put on my new camelott suit ; the best that ever I wore in my life, the suit costing me above £24. In this I went with Creed to Goldsmiths' Hall, to the burial of Sir Thomas Viner ; which Hall, and Haberdashers' also, was so full of people, that we were fain for ease and coolness to go forth to Pater Noster Row, to choose a silk to make me a plain ordinary suit. That done, we walked to Cornhill, and there at Mr. Cade's stood in the balcon and saw all the funeral, which was with the blue-coat boys and old men, all the Aldermen, and Lord Mayor, &c. and the number of the company very great : the greatest I ever did see for a tavern.

* * * * *

This day, by the blessing of God, my wife and I have been married nine years ; but my head being full of business, I did not think of it to keep it in any extraordinary manner. But bless God for our long lives and loves and health together, which the same God long continue, I wish, from my very heart !

* * * * *

By discourse with my wife thought upon inviting my Lord Sandwich to a dinner shortly. It will cost me at least ten or twelve pounds ; but, however, some arguments of prudence I have, which I shall think again upon before I proceed to that expence.

* * * * *

To Mr. Coventry's, and so with him and Sir W. Pen up to the Duke, where the King come also and staid till the Duke was ready. It being Collar-day, we had no time to talk with him about any business. To the King's Theatre, where we saw *Midsummer's Night's dream*, which I had never seen before, nor shall ever again, for it is the most insipid ridiculous play that ever I saw in my life.

* * * * *

After dinner comes Colonel Blunt in his new chariot made with springs ; as that was of wicker, wherein a while since we rode at his house. And he hath rode, he says, now his journey, many miles in it with one horse, and out-drives any coach, and out-goes any horse, and so easy, he says. So for curiosity I went into it to try it, and up the hill to the heath, and over the cart-ruts and found it pretty well, but not so easy as he pretends.

* * * * *

D

At noon to the 'Change, where very hot, people's proposal of the City giving the King another ship for *The London*, that is lately blown up. It would be very handsome, and if well managed, might be done; but I fear if it be put into ill hands, or that the courtiers do solicit it, it will never be done.

* * * *

This day my wife begun to wear light-coloured locks, quite white almost, which, though it makes her look very pretty, yet not being natural, vexes me, that I will not have her wear them. This day I saw my Lord Castlemaine at St. James's, lately come from France.

* * * *

The Duke did give us some commands, and so broke up, not taking leave of him. But the best piece of newes is, that instead of a great many troublesome Lords, the whole business is to be left with the Duke of Albemarle to act as Admirall in his stead; which is a thing that do cheer my heart. For the other would have vexed us with attendance, and never done the business.

* * * *

Mr. Povy and I in his coach to Hyde Parke, being the first day of the tour there. Where many brave ladies; among others, Castlemaine lay impudently upon her back in her coach asleep, with her mouth open. There was also my Lady Kerneguy, once my Lady Anne Hambleton.

* * * *

Creed and I had Mr. Povy's coach sent for us, and we to his house; where we did some business in order to the work of this day. Povy and I to my Lord Sandwich, who tells me that the Duke is not only a friend to the business, but to me, in terms of the greatest love and respect. The Duke did direct Secretary Bennet to declare his mind to the Tangier committee, that he approves of me for treasurer; and with a character of me to be a man whose industry and discretion he would trust soon as any man's in England: and did the like to my Lord Sandwich. So to White Hall to the Committee of Tangier, where there were present, my Lord of Albemarle, my Lord Peterborough, Sandwich, Barkeley, FitzHarding, Secretary Bennet, Sir Thomas Ingram, Sir John Lawson, Povy and I. Where, after other business, Povy did declare his business very handsomely; that he was sorry he had been so unhappy in his accounts, as not to give their Lordships the satisfaction he intended, and that he was sure his accounts were right, and continues to submit them to examination, and is ready to lay down in ready money the fault of his

account ; and that for the future, that the work might be better done and with more quiet to him, he desired, by approbation of the Duke, he might resign his place to Mr. Pepys. Whereupon, Secretary Bennet did deliver the Duke's command, which was received with great content and allowance beyond expectation ; the Secretary repeating also the Duke's character of me. And I could discern my Lord FitzHarding was well pleased with me, and signified full satisfaction, and whispered something seriously of me to the Secretary. And there I received their constitution under all their hands presently ; so that I am already confirmed their treasurer, and put into a condition of striking of tallies ; and all without one harsh word of dislike, but quite the contrary ; which is a good fortune beyond all imagination.

9. "I heartily hate and detest that animal called man." Illustrate the truth of Swift's remark by showing what sort of a creature man is made to appear in *Gulliver's Travels*.

10. Read the following account of Sir Roger de Coverley at Church, from Addison's *Spectator*, and write in your own words an appreciation of his character :

SIR ROGER AT CHURCH

I am always very well pleased with a Country *Sunday* ; and think, if keeping holy the Seventh Day were only a human Institution, it would be the best Method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of Mankind. It is certain the Country-People would soon degenerate into a kind of Savages and Barbarians, were there not such frequent Returns of a stated Time, in which the whole Village meet together with their best Faces, and in their cleanliest Habits, to converse with one another upon indifferent Subjects, hear their Duties explained to them, and join together in Adoration of the Supreme Being. *Sunday* clears away the Rust of the whole Week, not only as it refreshes in their Minds the Notions of Religion, but as it puts both the Sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable Forms, and exerting all such Qualities as are apt to give them a Figure in the Eye of the Village. A Country-Fellow distinguishes himself as much in the *Churchyard*, as a Citizen does upon the *Change* ; the whole Parish-Politicks being generally discuss'd in that Place either after Sermon or before the Bell rings.

My Friend Sir Roger being a good Churchman, has beautified the Inside of his Church with several Texts of his own chusing.

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He has likewise given a handsome Pulpit-Cloth, and railed in the Communion-Table at his own Expence. He has often told me, that at his coming to his Estate he found his Parishioners very irregular ; and that in order to make them kneel and join in the Responses, he gave every one of them a Hassock and a Common-prayer Book : and at the same Time employed an itinerant Singing-Master, who goes about the Country for that Purpose, to instruct them rightly in the Tunes of the Psalms ; upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed out-do most of the Country Churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir Roger is Landlord to the whole Congregation, he keeps them in very good Order, and will suffer no Body to sleep in it besides himself ; for if by Chance he has been surprized into a short Nap at Sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees any Body else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his Servants to them. Several other of the old Knight's Particularities break out upon these occasions : Sometimes he will be lengthening out a Verse in the Singing-Psalms, half a Minute after the rest of the Congregation have done with it ; sometimes, when he is pleased with the Matter of his Devotion, he pronounces *Amen* three or four times to the same Prayer ; and sometimes stands up when every Body else is upon their Knees, to count the Congregation, or see if any of his Tenants are missing.

I was yesterday very much surprized to hear my old Friend, in the Midst of the Service, calling out to one *John Matthews* to mind what he was about, and not disturb the Congregation. This *John Matthews* it seems is remarkable for being an idle Fellow, and at that Time was kicking his Heels for his Diversion. This Authority of the Knight, though exerted in that odd Manner which accompanies him in all Circumstances of Life, has a very good Effect upon the Parish, who are not polite enough to see any thing ridiculous in his Behaviour ; besides that, the general good Sense and Worthiness of his Character, make his friends observe these little Singularities as Foils that rather set off than blemish his good Qualities.

As soon as the Sermon is finished, no Body presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the Church. The Knight walks down from his Seat in the Chancel between a double Row of his Tenants, that stand bowing to him on each Side ; and every now and then enquires how such an one's Wife, or Mother, or Son, or Father do whom he does not see at Church ; which is understood as a secret Reprimand to the Person that is absent.

The Chaplain has often told me, that upon a Catechizing-day, when Sir Roger has been pleased with a Boy that answers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given him next Day for his Encouragement ; and sometimes accompanies it with a Flitch of Bacon to his Mother. Sir Roger has likewise added five Pounds a Year to the Clerk's Place ; and that he may encourage the young Fellows to make themselves perfect in the Church-Service, has promised upon the Death of the present Incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to Merit.

The fair Understanding between Sir Roger and his Chaplain, and their mutual Concurrence in doing Good, is the more remarkable, because the very next Village is famous for the Differences and Contentions that rise between the Parson and the 'Squire, who live in a perpetual State of War. The Parson is always preaching at the 'Squire, and the 'Squire to be revenged on the Parson never comes to Church. The 'Squire has made all his Tenants Atheists and Tithe-Stealers ; while the Parson instructs them every *Sunday* in the Dignity of his Order, and insinuates to them in almost every Sermon, that he is a better Man than his Patron. In short, Matters are come to such an Extremity, that the 'Squire has not said his Prayers either in publick or private this half Year ; and that the Parson threatens him, if he does not mend his Manners, to pray for him in the Face of the whole Congregation.

Feuds of this Nature, though too frequent in the Country, are very fatal to the ordinary People ; who are so used to be dazzled with Riches, that they pay as much Deference to the Understanding of a Man of an Estate, as of a Man of Learning ; and are very hardly brought to regard any Truth, how important soever it may be, that is preached to them, when they know there are several men of five hundred a Year who do not believe it.

11. Read the following satirical portrait of Addison by Pope in the *Epistle to Arbuthnot*, and, without referring to the original, reproduce Pope's opinion of Addison in your own words :

Peace to all such ! but were there one whose fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires ;
Blest with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease :
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,

View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
 And hate for arts that caused himself to rise ;
 Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
 And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer ;
 Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
 Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike ;
 Alike reserved to blame, or to commend,
 A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend ;
 Dreading even fools, by flatterers besieged,
 And so obliging, that he ne'er obliged ;
 Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
 And sit attentive to his own applause ;
 While wits and templars every sentence raise—
 And wonder with a foolish face of praise :
 Who but must laugh if such a man there be ?
 Who would not weep, if Atticus were he ?

12. Read the following from Goldsmith's *Deserted Village* and describe from memory in your own words the character of the village Parson :

A man he was to all the country dear,
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year ;
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
 Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place ;
 Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power,
 By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour ;
 Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
 More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.
 His house was known to all the vagrant train ;
 He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain ;
 The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
 Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;
 The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
 Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed ;
 The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
 Sat by his fire, and talked the night away,
 Wept o'er his wounds or tales of sorrow done,
 Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.
 Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
 And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;
 Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
 His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
 And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side ;
 But in his duty prompt at every call,
 He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all ;
 And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
 To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
 He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
 Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
 And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
 The reverend champion stood. At his control
 Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
 Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
 And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
 His looks adorned the venerable place ;
 Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
 And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
 The service past, around the pious man,
 With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran ;
 E'en children followed with endearing wile,
 And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.
 His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest ;
 Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distrest :
 To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
 As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
 Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

13. Read the following extract from Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, and show in what respects Johnson was a typical Englishman :

What words were used by Mr. Macpherson in his letter to the venerable sage, I have never heard ; but they are generally said to have been of a language very different from the language of literary contest. Dr. Johnson's answer appeared in the newspapers of the day, and has since been frequently republished ; but not with perfect accuracy. I give it as dictated to me by himself, written down in his presence, and authenticated by a note in his own handwriting, "*This, I think, is a true copy.*"

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"MR. JAMES MACPHERSON,

"I received your foolish and impudent letter. Any violence offered me I shall do my best to repel; and what I cannot do for myself, the law shall do for me. I hope I shall never be deterred from detecting what I think a cheat, by the menaces of a ruffian.

"What would you have me retract? I thought your book an imposture; I think it an imposture still. For this opinion I have given my reasons to the publick, which I here dare you to refute. Your rage I defy. Your abilities, since your Homer, are not so formidable; and what I hear of your morals inclines me to pay regard not to what you shall say, but to what you shall prove. You may print this if you will.

"SAM. JOHNSON."

Mr. Macpherson little knew the character of Dr. Johnson, if he supposed that he could be easily intimidated; for no man was ever more remarkable for personal courage. He had, indeed, an awful dread of death, or rather, "of something after death;" and what rational man, who seriously thinks of quitting all that he has ever known, and going into a new and unknown state of being, can be without that dread? But his fear was from reflection; his courage natural. His fear, in that one instance, was the result of philosophical and religious consideration. He feared death, but he feared nothing else, not even what might occasion death. Many instances of his resolution may be mentioned. One day, at Mr. Beauclerk's house in the country, when two large dogs were fighting, he went up to them, and beat them till they separated; and at another time, when told of the danger there was that a gun might burst if charged with many balls, he put in six or seven and fired it off against a wall. Mr. Langton told me, that when they were swimming together near Oxford, he cautioned Dr. Johnson against a pool, which was reckoned particularly dangerous; upon which Johnson directly swam into it. He told me himself that one night he was attacked in the street by four men, to whom he would not yield, but kept them all at bay, till the watch came up, and carried both him and them to the round-house. In the play-house at Lichfield, as Mr. Garrick informed me, Johnson having for a moment quitted a chair which was placed for him between the side-scenes, a gentleman took possession of it, and when Johnson on his return civilly demanded his seat, rudely refused to give it up; upon

which Johnson laid hold of it, and tossed him and the chair into the pit. Foote, who so successfully revived the old comedy, by exhibiting living characters, had resolved to imitate Johnson on the stage, expecting great profits from his ridicule of so celebrated a man. Johnson, being informed of his intention, and being at dinner at Mr. Thomas Davies's the bookseller, from whom I had the story, he asked Mr. Davies "what was the common price of an oak stick;" and being answered sixpence, "Why then, Sir (said he), give me leave to send your servant to purchase me a shilling one. I'll have a double quantity; for I am told Foote means to *take me off*, as he calls it, and I am determined the fellow shall not do it with impunity." Davies took care to acquaint Foote of this, which effectually checked the wantonness of the mimick. Mr. Macpherson's menaces made Johnson provide himself with the same implement of defence; and had he been attacked, I have no doubt that, old as he was, he would have made his corporal prowess be felt as much as his intellectual.—(From Boswell's *Life of Johnson*.)

14. Show how Byron himself is reflected in the following of his characters :

Don Juan, Manfred, Cain.

15. Contrast the characters and aspirations of Shelley's Alastor and Keat's Endymion.

16. Contrast the experiences and personalities of Wordsworth's Peter Bell and Coleridge's Ancient Mariner.

17. Read the following speech of King Arthur from Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*, and say what light it throws on the King's character.

But when the Queen, immersed in such a trance,
And moving thro' the past unconsciously,
Came to that point where first she saw the King
Ride toward her from the city, sigh'd to find
Her journey done, glanced at him, thought him cold,
High, self-contain'd, and passionless, not like him,
"Not like my Lancelot"—while she brooded thus
And grew half-guilty in her thoughts again,
There rode an armed warrior to the doors.
A murmuring whisper thro' the nunnery ran,

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Then on a sudden a cry, "The King." She sat
 Stiff-stricken, listening; but when armed feet
 Thro' the long gallery from the outer doors
 Rang coming, prone from off her seat she fell,
 And grovell'd with her face against the floor:
 There with her milk-white arms and shadowy hair
 She made her face a darkness from the King:
 And in the darkness heard his armed feet
 Pause by her; then came silence, then a voice,
 Monotonous and hollow like a Ghost's
 Denouncing judgment, but tho' changed the King's:

"Liest thou here so low, the child of one
 I honour'd, happy, dead before thy shame?
 Well is it that no child is born of thee.
 The children born of thee are sword and fire,
 Red ruin, and the breaking up of laws,
 The craft of kindred and the Godless hosts
 Of heathen swarming o'er the Northern Sea;
 Whom I, while yet Sir Lancelot, my right arm,
 The mightiest of my knights, abode with me,
 Have everywhere about this land of Christ
 In twelve great battles ruining overthrown.
 And knowest thou now from whence I come?—from him,
 From waging bitter war with him: and he,
 That did not shun to smite me in worse way,
 Had yet that grace of courtesy in him left,
 He spared to lift his hand against the King
 Who made him knight: but many a knight was slain;
 And many more, and all his kith and kin
 Clave to him, and abode in his own land.
 And many more when Modred raised revolt,
 Forgetful of their troth and fealty, clave
 To Modred, and a remnant stays with me.
 And of this remnant will I leave a part,
 True men who love me still, for whom I live,
 To guard thee in the wild hour coming on,
 Lest but a hair of this low head be harm'd.
 Fear not: thou shalt be guarded till my death.
 Howbeit I know, if ancient prophecies
 Have err'd not, that I march to meet my doom.
 Thou hast not made my life so sweet to me,
 That I the King should greatly care to live;

For thou hast spoilt the purpose of my life,
Bear with me for the last time while I show,
Ev'n for thy sake, the sin which thou hast sinn'd.
For when the Roman left us, and their law
Relax'd its hold upon us, and the ways
Were fill'd with rapine, here and there a deed
Of prowess done redress'd a random wrong.
But I was first of all the kings who drew
The knighthood-errant of this realm and all
The realms together under me, their Head,
In that fair Order of my Table Round,
A glorious company, the flower of men,
To serve as model for the mighty world,
And be the fair beginning of a time.
I made them lay their hands in mine and swear
To reverence the King, as if he were
Their conscience, and their conscience as their King,
To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,
To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,
To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
And worship her by years of noble deeds,
Until they won her ; for indeed I knew
Of no more subtle master under heaven
Than is the maiden passion for a maid,
Not only to keep down the base in man,
But teach high thought, and amiable words
And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
And love of truth, and all that makes a man.
And all this throve before I wedded thee !
Believing, " Lo mine helpmate, one to feel
My purpose and rejoicing in my joy."
Then came thy shameful sin with Lancelot ;
Then came the sin of Tristram and Isolt ;
Then others, following these my mightiest knights,
And drawing foul ensample from fair names,
Sinn'd also, till the loathsome opposite
Of all my heart had destined did obtain,
And all thro' thee ! so that this life of mine
I guard as God's high gift from scathe and wrong,
Not greatly care to lose : but rather think
How sad it were for Arthur, should he live,

To sit once more within his lonely hall,
And miss the wonted number of my knights,
And miss to hear high talk of noble deeds
As in the golden days before thy sin.
For which of us, who might be left, could speak
Of the pure heart, nor seem to glance at thee ?
And in thy bowers of Camelot or of Usk
Thy shadow still would glide from room to room,
And I should evermore be vexed with thee
In hanging robe or vacant ornament,
Or ghostly footfall echoing on the stair.
For think not, tho' thou wouldst not love thy lord,
Thy lord has wholly lost his love for thee.
I am not made of so slight elements.
Yet must I leave thee, woman, to thy shame.
I hold that man the worst of public foes
Who either for his own or children's sake,
To save his blood from scandal, lets the wife
Whom he knows false, abide and rule the house :
For being thro' his cowardice allow'd
Her station, taken everywhere for pure,
She like a new disease, unknown to men,
Creeps, no precaution used, among the crowd,
Makes wicked lightnings of her eyes, and saps
The fealty of our friends, and stirs the pulse
With devil's leaps, and poisons half the young.
Worst of the worst, were that man he that reigns !
Better the King's waste hearth and aching heart
Than thou reseated in thy place of light,
The mockery of my people, and their bane."

He paused, and in the pause she crept an inch
Nearer, and laid her hands about his feet.
Far off a solitary trumpet blew.
Then waiting by the doors the warhorse neigh'd
As at a friend's voice, and he spake again :

" Yet think not that I come to urge thy crimes,
I did not come to curse thee, Guinevere,
I, whose vast pity almost makes me die
To see thee laying there thy golden head,
My pride in happier summers, at my feet.
The wrath which forced my thoughts on that fierce law,

The doom of treason and the flaming death,
(When first I learnt thee hidden here) is past.
The pang—which while I weigh'd thy heart with one
Too wholly true to dream untruth in thee,
Made my tears burn—is also past—in part.
And all is past, the sin is sinn'd, and I,
Lo ! I forgive thee, as Eternal God
Forgives : do thou for thine own soul the rest.
But how to take last leave of all I loved ?
O golden hair, with which I used to play
Not knowing ! O imperial-moulded form,
And beauty such as never woman wore,
Until it came a kingdom's curse with thee—
I cannot touch thy lips ; they are not mine,
But Lancelot's : nay, they never were the King's.
I cannot take thy hand ; that too is flesh,
And in the flesh thou hast sinn'd ; and mine own flesh,
Here looking down on thine polluted, cries
' I loathe thee ' : yet not less, O Guinevere,
For I was ever virgin save for thee,
My love thro' flesh hath wrought into my life
So far, that my doom is, I love thee still.
Let no man dream but that I love thee still.
Perchance, and so thou purify thy soul,
And so thou lean on our fair father Christ,
Hereafter in that world where all are pure
We two may meet before high God, and thou
Wilt spring to me, and claim me thine, and know
I am thine husband—not a smaller soul,
Nor Lancelot, nor another. Leave me that,
I charge thee, my last hope. Now must I hence.
Thro' the thick night I hear the trumpet blow :
They summon me their King to lead mine hosts
Far down to that great battle in the west,
Where I must strike against my sister's son
Leagued with the lords of the White horse and knights
Once mine, and strike him dead, and meet myself
Death, or I know not what mysterious doom.
And thou remaining here wilt learn the event ;
But hither shall I never come again,
Never lie by thy side ; see thee no more—
Farewell ! ”

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And while she grovell'd at his feet,
She felt the King's breath wander o'er her neck,
And, in the darkness o'er her fallen head,
Perceived the waving of his hands that blest.

18. Read the following poem of Browning, and describe in your own words the character of the Grammarian :

A GRAMMARIAN'S FUNERAL

(Shortly after the Revival of learning in Europe)

Let us begin and carry up this corpse,
Singing together.
Leave we the common crofts, the vulgar thorpes
Each in its tether
Sleeping safe on the bosom of the plain,
Cared-for till cock-crow :
Look out if yonder be not day again
Rimming the rock-row !
That's the appropriate country ; there, man's thought,
Rarer, intenser,
Self-gathered for an outbreak, as it ought,
Chafes in the censer.

Leave we the unlettered plain its herd and crop ;
Seek we sepulture
On a tall mountain, citied to the top,
Crowded with culture !
All the peaks soar, but one the rest excels ;
Clouds overcome it ;
No ! yonder sparkle is the citadel's
Circling its summit.
Thither our path lies ; wind we up the heights ;
Wait ye the warning ?
Our low life was the level's and the night's ;
He's for the morning.
Step to a tune, square chests, erect each head,
'Ware the beholders !
This is our master, famous calm and dead,
Borne on our shoulders.
Sleep, crop and herd ! sleep, darkling thorpe and croft,
Safe from the weather !
He, whom we convoy to his grave aloft,
Singing together,

He was a man born with thy face and throat,
 Lyric Apollo !
 Long he lived nameless : how should spring take note
 Winter would follow ?
 Till lo, the little touch, and youth was gone !
 Cramped and diminished,
 Moaned he, " New measures, other feet anon !
 My dance is finished ? "
 No, that's the world's way : (keep the mountain-side,
 Make for the city !)
 He knew the signal, and stepped on with pride
 Over men's pity ;
 Left play for work, and grappled with the world
 Bent on escaping :
 " What's in the scroll," quoth he, " thou keepest furled ?
 Show me their shaping,
 Theirs who most studied man, the bard and sage,—
 Give ! "—So, he gowned him,
 Straight got by heart that book to its last page :
 Learned, we found him.
 Yea, but we found him bald too, eyes like lead,
 Accents uncertain :
 " Time to taste life," another would have said,
 " Up with the curtain ! "
 This man said rather, " Actual life comes next ?
 Patience a moment !
 Grant I have mastered learning's crabbed text,
 Still there's the comment.
 Let me know all ! Prate not of most or least,
 Painful or easy !
 Even to the crumbs I'd fain eat up the feast,
 Ay, nor feel queasy."
 Oh, such a life as he resolved to live,
 When he had learned it,
 When he had gathered all books had to give !
 Sooner, he spurned it.
 Image the whole, then execute the parts—
 Fancy the fabric
 Quite, ere you build, ere steel strike fire from quartz,
 Ere mortar dab brick!
 (Here's the town-gate reached : there's the market-place
 Gaping before us.)

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 Yea, this in him was the peculiar grace

(Hearten our chorus !)

That before living he'd learn how to live—

No end to learning :

Earn the means first—God surely will contrive

Use for our earning.

Others mistrust and say, "But time escapes :

Live now or never !"

He said, "What's time ? Leave Now for dogs and apes !

Man has Forever."

Back to his book then : deeper drooped his head :

Calculus racked him :

Leaden before, his eyes grew dross of lead :

Tussis attacked him.

"Now, master, take a little rest !"—not he !

(Caution redoubled,

Step two abreast, the way winds narrowly !)

Not a whit troubled

Back to his studies, fresher than at first,

Fierce as a dragon

He (soul-hydroptic with a sacred thirst)

Sucked at the flagon.

Oh, if we draw a circle premature,

Heedless of far gain,

Greedy for quick returns of profit, sure

Bad is our bargain !

Was it not great ? did not he throw on God,

(He loves the burthen)—

God's task to make the heavenly period

Perfect the earthen ?

Did not he magnify the mind, show clear

Just what it all meant ?

He would not discount life, as fools do here,

Paid by instalment.

He ventured neck or nothing—heaven's success

Found, or earth's failure :

"Wilt thou trust death or not ?" He answered "Yes :

Hence with life's pale lure !"

That low man seeks a little thing to do,

Sees it and does it :

This high man, with a great thing to pursue,

Dies ere he knows it.

That low man goes on adding one to one,
 His hundred's soon hit :
 This high man, aiming at a million,
 Misses an unit.
 That, has the world here—should he need the next,
 Let the world mind him !
 This, throws himself on God, and unperplexed
 Seeking shall find him.
 So, with the throttling hands of death at strife,
 Ground he at grammar ;
 Still, thro' the rattle, parts of speech were rife :
 While he could stammer
 He settled *Holi's* business—let it be !—
 Properly based *Oun*—
 Gave us the doctrine of the enclitic *De*,
 Dead from the waist down.
 Well, here's the platform, here's the proper place :
 Hail to your purlieus,
 All ye highfliers of the feathered race,
 Swallows and curlews !
 Here's the top-peak ; the multitude below
 Live, for they can, there :
 This man decided not to Live but Know—
 Bury this man there ?
 Here—here's his place, where meteors shoot, clouds form,
 Lightnings are loosened,
 Stars come and go ! Let joy break with the storm,
 Peace let the dew send !
 Lofty designs must close in like effects :
 Loftily lying,
 Leave him—still loftier than the world suspects,
 Living and dying.

19. (1) Write an appreciation of any of the following humorous characters from Dickens :

Mr. Bumble, Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Micawber, Sairey Gamp, Captain Cuttle.

(2) Show how Dickens achieves the sinister or grotesque effects in drawing the following characters :

Quilp, Fagin, Barnaby Rudge, Madame Desfarges, Scrooge.

(3) Comment on the sentimentality of the following child-portraits of Dickens's :

Little Nell, Florence Dombey, Tiny Tim, Jo, Little Dorrit.

(4) Compare the following characters :

Sam Weller and Mark Tapley.

David Copperfield and Nicholas Nickleby.

Dolly Varden and Dora.

Mr. Dombey, Ralph Nickleby, and Mr. Pecksniff.

(5) Comment on Dickens's power of creating a character in a short description, by mentioning what he tells of the following :

Mrs. MacStinger, Miss Pross, Tommy Traddles, Maypole Hugh, The Marchioness.

(6) Write an appreciation of Sydney Carton as the "hero" of his story.

20. Read the following passage from Dickens's *Nicholas Nickleby* and describe in your own words the character of Mrs. Nickleby :

"Why, Kate," said Mrs. Nickleby, putting her feet upon the fender, and drawing her chair close to it, as if settling herself for a long talk. "Kate has been in bed—oh! a couple of hours—and I'm very glad, Nicholas, my dear, that I prevailed upon her not to sit up, for I wished very much to have an opportunity of saying a few words to you. I am naturally anxious about it, and of course it's a very delightful and consoling thing to have a grown-up son that one can put confidence in, and advise with; indeed I don't know any use there would be in having sons at all, unless people could put confidence in them."

Nicholas stopped in the middle of a sleepy yawn, as his mother began to speak, and looked at her with fixed attention.

"There was a lady in our neighbourhood," said Mrs. Nickleby,—"speaking of sons puts me in mind of it—a lady in our neighbourhood when we lived near Dawlish, I think her name was Rogers; indeed I am sure it was if it wasn't Murphy, which is the only doubt I have——"

"Is it about her, mother, that you wish to speak to me?" said Nicholas quietly.

"About *her*!" cried Mrs. Nickleby. "Good gracious, Nicholas, my dear, how *can* you be so ridiculous! But that was always the way with your poor dear papa,—just his way—always wandering, never able to fix his thoughts on any one subject for two minutes together. I think I see him now!" said Mrs. Nickleby, wiping her eyes, "looking at me while I was talking to him about his affairs, just as if his ideas were in a state of perfect conglomeration! Anybody who had come in upon us suddenly, would have supposed I was confusing and distracting him instead of making things plainer; upon my word they would."

"I am very sorry, mother, that I should inherit this unfortunate slowness of apprehension," said Nicholas, kindly; "but I'll do my best to understand you, if you'll only go straight on."

"Your poor papa!" said Mrs. Nickleby, pondering. "He never knew, till it was too late, what I would have had him do!"

This was undoubtedly the case, inasmuch as the deceased Mr. Nickleby had not arrived at the knowledge when he died. Neither had Mrs. Nickleby herself; which is, in some sort, an explanation of the circumstance.

"However," said Mrs. Nickleby, drying her tears, "this has nothing to do—certainly, nothing whatever to do—with the gentleman in the next house.

"I should suppose that the gentleman in the next house has as little to do with us," retorted Nicholas.

"There can be no doubt," said Mrs. Nickleby, "that he is a gentleman, and has the manners of a gentleman, and the appearance of a gentleman, although he does wear smalls and grey worsted stockings. That may be eccentricity, or he may be proud of his legs. I don't see why he shouldn't be. The Prince Regent was proud of his legs, and so was Daniel Lambert, who was also a fat man; *he* was proud of his legs. So was Miss Biffin: she was—no," added Mrs. Nickleby, correcting herself, "I think she had only toes, but the principle is the same."

Nicholas looked on, quite amazed at the introduction of this new theme. Which seemed just what Mrs. Nickleby had expected him to be.

"You may well be surprised, Nicholas, my dear," she said, "I am sure *I* was. It came upon me like a flash of fire, and almost froze my blood. The bottom of his garden joins the

bottom of ours, and of course I had several times seen him sitting among the scarlet-beans in his little arbour or working at his little hot-beds. I used to think he stared rather, but I didn't take any particular notice of that, as we were new-comers, and he might be curious to see what we were like. But when he began to throw his cucumbers over our wall——”

“To throw his cucumbers over our wall?” repeated Nicholas, in great astonishment.

“Yes, Nicholas, my dear,” replied Mrs. Nickleby, in a very serious tone; “his cucumbers over our wall. And vegetable-marrows likewise.”

“Confound his impudence!” said Nicholas, firing immediately. “What does he mean by that?”

“I don't think he means it impertinently at all,” replied Mrs. Nickleby.

“What!” said Nicholas. “Cucumbers and vegetable-marrows flying at the heads of the family as they walk in their own garden, and not meant impertinently! Why, mother——”

Nicholas stopped short; for there was an indescribable expression of placid triumph, mingled with a modest confusion, lingering between the borders of Mrs. Nickleby's nightcap, which arrested his attention suddenly.

“He must be a very weak, and foolish, and inconsiderate man,” said Mrs. Nickleby; “blameable, indeed—at least I suppose other people would consider him so; of course, I can't be expected to express any opinion on that point, especially after always defending your poor dear papa when other people blamed him for making proposals to me; and to be sure there can be no doubt that he has taken a very singular way of showing it. Still at the same time his attentions are—that is, as far as it goes, and to a certain extent of course—a flattering sort of thing. And although I should never dream of marrying again with a dear girl like Kate still unsettled in life——”

“Surely, mother, such an idea never entered your brain for an instant?” said Nicholas.

“Bless my heart, Nicholas, my dear,” returned his mother in a peevish tone, “isn't that precisely what I am saying, if you would only let me speak? Of course, I never gave it a second thought, and I am surprised and astonished that you should suppose me capable of such a thing. All I say is, what step is the best to take, so as to reject these advances civilly and delicately, and without hurting his feelings too much, and driving him to despair, or anything of that kind? My goodness me!”

exclaimed Mrs. Nickleby, with a half simper, "suppose he was to go doing anything rash to himself. Could I ever be happy again, Nicholas?"

Despite his vexation and concern, Nicholas could scarcely help smiling, as he rejoined, "Now, do you think, mother, that such a result would be likely to ensue from the most cruel repulse?"

"Upon my word, my dear, I don't know," returned Mrs. Nickleby; "really, I don't know. I am sure there was a case in the day before yesterday's paper, extracted from one of the French newspapers, about a journeyman shoemaker who was jealous of a young girl in an adjoining village, because she wouldn't shut herself up in an air-tight three-pair-of-stairs, and charcoal herself to death with him; and who went and hid himself in a wood with a sharp-pointed knife, and rushed out, as she was passing by with a few friends, and killed himself first and then all the friends, and then her—no, killed all the friends first, and then herself, and then *himself*—which it is quite frightful to think of. Somehow or other," added Mrs. Nickleby, after a momentary pause, "they always *are* journeyman shoemakers who do these things in France, according to the papers. I don't know how it is—something in the leather, I suppose."

"But this man, who is not a shoemaker—what has he done, mother, what has he said?" inquired Nicholas, fretted almost beyond endurance, but looking nearly as resigned and patient as Mrs. Nickleby herself. "You know, there is no language of vegetables, which converts a cucumber into a formal declaration of attachment."

"My dear," replied Mrs. Nickleby, tossing her head and looking at the ashes in the grate, "he has done and said all sorts of things."

"Is there no mistake on your part?" asked Nicholas.

"Mistake!" cried Mrs. Nickleby. "Lord, Nicholas, my dear, do you suppose I don't know when a man's in earnest?"

"Well, well!" muttered Nicholas.

"Every time I go to the window," said Mrs. Nickleby, "he kisses one hand, and lays the other upon his heart—of course it's very foolish of him to do so, and I dare say you'll say it's very wrong, but he does it very respectfully—very respectfully indeed—and very tenderly, extremely tenderly. So far, he deserves the greatest credit; there can be no doubt about that. Then, there are the presents which come pouring over the wall

every day, and very fine they certainly are, very fine ; we had one of the cucumbers at dinner yesterday, and think of pickling the rest for next winter. And last evening," added Mrs. Nickleby, with increased confusion, "he called gently over the wall, as I was walking in the garden, and proposed marriage, and an elopement. His voice is as clear as a bell or a musical glass—very like a musical glass indeed—but of course I didn't listen to it. Then, the question is, Nicholas, my dear, what am I to do ? "

"Does Kate know of this ? " asked Nicholas.

"I have not said a word about it yet," answered his mother.

"Then, for Heaven's sake," rejoined Nicholas, rising, "do not, for it would make her very unhappy. And with regard to what you should do, my dear mother, do what your good sense and feeling, and respect for my father's memory, would prompt. There are a thousand ways in which you can show your dislike of these preposterous and doting attentions. If you act as decidedly as you ought and they are still continued, and to your annoyance, I can speedily put a stop to them. But I should not interfere in a matter so ridiculous, and attach importance to it, until you have vindicated yourself. Most women can do that, but especially one of your age and condition, in circumstances like these, which are unworthy of a serious thought. I would not shame you by seeming to take them to heart, or treat them earnestly for an instant. Absurd old idiot ! "

So saying, Nicholas kissed his mother, and bade her good night, and they retired to their respective chambers.

CHAPTER III

CORRESPONDENCE

LETTERS may be divided into three classes : the purely formal business letter or society note ; the letter to the Press ; the personal letter. The first class can in no sense be called a literary exercise—scarcely even composition. All that is needed for handling such letters successfully is clearness of mind, clearness of wording, and clearness of handwriting.

Let the word “ letter,” then, be taken as referring to the other two classes only.

Letter-writing is the one form of composition which practically ensures originality. One story may be written in the style of another, a play may be written in imitation of one already existing, but it is not usual for even the most unoriginal person to look over some one else's shoulder when writing a letter. No Englishman before writing to the *Times* with a grievance looks up old files to see how other Englishmen have given vent to other grievances. The usual letter between relation and relation or friend and friend is made up of personal views and deals with personal affairs and incidents which if they were not personal, and so original, would lose all their point. When letters deal with public affairs and appeal to general principles they may gain in dignity, and look well in the biographies of the great, but they lose the quality of personal intimacy which is really the charm and *raison d'être* of the letter. If a friend wants views on affairs of State, he can find them in the newspapers ; but no one but you can

write authoritatively and tell him how you are liking or disliking your holidays. When therefore you are writing such a letter, do not hesitate to be egotistical. The essay is a public affair in which your views may be challenged by any one in the market-place, and the more discreetly and impersonally you put them the better ; but in the letter you are chatting privately, and your views for the moment are the only ones of any account. It was a famous complaint of Queen Victoria that Mr. Gladstone addressed her as though she were a public meeting. Do not write to your relative or friend as though he or she were a public meeting. There are not so many literary occasions when almost complete freedom is allowed, even to the extent of colloquialisms and slang, that one can afford to miss opportunities offered by the letter.

Official letters or letters written to newspapers are in a different class. In them flippancy and colloquialisms are likely to be even more out of place than excessive dignity in writing to a friend. An official letter often does not differ at all from an official "minute" or any other form of official composition ; a letter to the Press, beyond the fact that it is addressed to the Editor, does not usually differ in any respect from an ordinary newspaper article.

The letter only comes into its own, and bears the engaging stamp of its own unique and intimate personality, when it is written in privacy by A to be read in privacy by B, and is carried from one to the other by a messenger who can be trusted not to pry into the contents.

HOW TO ADDRESS A CORRESPONDENT AND TO SIGN A LETTER

Considerable doubt often exists among young correspondents as to the proper method of beginning and ending letters. In deciding this point three things have to be taken into consideration : the degree of intimacy which exists

between the correspondents, their respective ages, their relative social positions.

The most intimate form of ending is "Your loving . . .," then "Your affectionate. . . ." So a son would end to a father: "Your loving" or "Your affectionate son." For friends of the same social standing: "Yours affectionately," "Yours very sincerely," or "Yours sincerely," may be used, according to the degree of intimacy which exists. It is a safe rule, always to end a letter in the same way as the writer has ended his or her letter to you, but if you have to write first, you must decide for yourself how intimate you are with your correspondent. It seems natural that the term "affectionately" should be more used among girl friends than among boys. No ending less intimate than "Yours sincerely" should be used to persons with whom you are on visiting terms, as an ending less intimate than might be expected has a chilling effect, and suggests that you are offended. The ending "Yours ever," besides being a hasty informal ending, is useful in cases where you do not feel quite intimate enough to be "affectionate" and yet "sincere" seems stilted.

In writing to strangers of your own social position, to officials, or to public institutions, the correct ending is "Yours truly." Questions of social degree, even in this democratic age, must be taken into account. A gentleman writing to a tradesman or to a servant will always end "Yours faithfully," while the tradesman or servant writing back will end "Yours respectfully" or "Yours obediently"; this will be the convention even when a gentleman of very small means corresponds with some wealthy firm owned by a merchant prince.

The proper forms of opening a letter, such as "Dear Mr. X," or "Dear Uncle Z," are usually self-evident. To prefix "My" to "dear" makes the opening more intimate. When one correspondent is a complete stranger to the other "Dear Sir" or "Dear Madam" is the usual opening, and in

such cases the name of the person addressed should always be written above the opening: "To Mrs. John Bull: Dear Madam." If this is not done it will be impossible, should any discussion afterwards arise with regard to the letter, to prove to whom it was written, as a letter merely beginning "Dear Madam" might be addressed to any lady.

In addressing people of title, the method is rather more complicated.

Exercises in Letter-Writing

1. Imagine yourself for the first time in any of the following places: write a letter to a relative or friend, describing your sight-seeing experiences:

London	Oxford	Bath	Dublin
Belfast	Edinburgh	Paris	Rome
Venice	Florence	Madrid	Brussels

2. Write a short letter to:

- A travel bureau, asking a question.
- A shop, giving an order.
- An hotel, booking a room.
- A box-office, booking four seats.
- A restaurant, booking a table.
- A photographer, arranging for a sitting.
- A dentist, making an appointment.
- A railway company, making a claim.
- A shipping-office, booking a berth.
- A library, asking for a book.

3. Write an imaginary letter:

(1) To the Editor of the *Times*, protesting against America's acquisition of British artistic masterpieces.

(2) To a school magazine, protesting against what you consider the exorbitant prices charged at the school shop.

(3) To a Parish magazine, appealing for subscriptions for the purpose of having the prayer-books and hymn-books in the Parish Church rebound.

(4) To *John Bull*, protesting against what you consider a case of social injustice.

(5) To the *Morning Post*, protesting against what you consider to be an ill-advised feature in the declared policy of the Labour Party.

(6) To *Home Chat*, suggesting means by which young children may be kept amused during long railway journeys.

(7) To the *Musical Times*, lamenting the inadequate provision of Opera in the British Isles.

(8) To the *Radio Times*, making suggestions for improving wireless-programmes.

(9) To the *Sporting Times*, protesting against the taxing of betting.

(10) To *Truth*, exposing what you consider to be the injurious nature of some patent medicine.

(11) To the *Lancet*, revealing a new and original cure for sea-sickness.

(12) To the *Poultry World*, explaining the advantages of a novel hen-house which you have constructed.

4. Read the following letters, which serve as models in various styles, and say in what respects it is possible to deduce from them the characters of the writers :

(1) *From SIR WALTER RALEIGH to HIS WIFE*

[A Farewell Letter from the Tower]

July, 1603

Receive from thy unfortunate husband these his last lines ; these the last words that ever thou shalt receive from him. That I can live never to see thee and my child more !—I cannot. I have desired God and disputed with my reason, but nature and compassion hath the victory. That I can live to think how you are both left a spoil to my enemies, and that my name shall be dishonor to my child—I cannot. I cannot endure the memory thereof. Unfortunate woman, unfortunate child, comfort yourselves ; trust God, and be contented with your poor estate.

Thou art a young woman, and forbear not to marry again. It is now nothing to me ; thou art no more mine ; nor I thine. To witness that thou didst love me once, take care that thou

marry not to please sense, but to avoid poverty, and to preserve thy child. That thou didst also love me living, witness it to others—to my poor daughter, to whom I have given nothing; for his sake, who will be cruel to himself to preserve thee. Be charitable to her, and teach thy son to love her for his father's sake.

For myself, I am left of all men that have done good to many. All my good turns forgotten; all my errors revived and expounded to all extremity of ill. All my services, hazards, and expenses for my country—plantings, discoveries, fights, councils, and whatsoever else—malice hath now covered over. I am now made an enemy and traitor by the word of an unworthy man. He hath proclaimed me to be a partaker of his vain imaginations, notwithstanding the whole course of my life hath approved the contrary, as my death shall approve it. Woe, woe, woe be unto him by whose falsehood we are lost. He hath separated us asunder. He hath slain my honor; my fortune. He hath robbed thee of thy husband, thy child of his father, and me of you both. O God, thou dost know my wrongs. Know, then, thou my wife, and child; know, then, thou my King Lord and King, that I ever thought them too honest to betray, and too good to conspire against.

But, my wife, forgive thou all, as I do. Live humble, for thou hast but a time also. God forgive my Lord Harry, for he was my heavy enemy. And for my Lord Cecill, I thought he would never forsake me in extremity. I would not have done it him, God knows. But do not thou know it, for he must be master of thy child and may have compassion of him. Be not dismayed, that I die in despair of God's mercies. Strive not to dispute it. But assure thyself that God hath not left me, nor Satan tempted me. Hope and Despair live not together. I know it is forbidden to destroy ourselves; but I trust it is forbidden in this sort—that we destroy not ourselves despairing of God's mercy. The mercy of God is immeasurable; the cogitations of men comprehend it not.

In the Lord I have ever trusted; and I know that my Redeemer liveth. Far it is from me to be tempted with Satan; I am only tempted with Sorrow, whose sharp teeth devour my heart. O God! Thou art goodness itself, Thou canst not but be good to me. O God! that art mercy itself, Thou canst not but be merciful to me!

For my estate, (it) is conveyed to feoffees—to your cousin Brett and others. I have but a bare estate for a short life. My

plate is at gage in Lombard Street; my debts are many. To Peter Vanlore, some £600. To Antrobus as much, but Cumpton is to pay £300 of it. To Michael Hext £100. To George Carew, £100. To Nicholas Sanders(on), £100. To John Fitzjames, £100. To Master Waddon, £100. To a poor man, one Hawkes, for horses, £70. To a poor man, called Hunt, £20. Take first care of those, for God's sake. To a brewer at Weymouth and a baker for Lord Cecill's ship and mine, I think some £80. John Reynolds knoweth it. And let that poor man have his true part of my return from Virginia. And let the poor men's wages be paid with the goods, for the Lord's sake. Oh, what will my poor servants think, at their return, when they hear I am accused to be Spanish who sent them—at my great charge—to plant and discover upon his territory.

Oh, intolerable infamy! O God! I cannot resist these thoughts. I cannot live to think how I am derided, to think of the expectation of my enemies, the scorns I shall receive, the cruel words of lawyers, the infamous taunts and despites, to be made a wonder and a spectacle. O Death! hasten thou unto me that thou mayest destroy the memory of these, and lay me up in dark forgetfulness. O Death! destroy my memory which is my tormentor; my thoughts and my life cannot dwell in one body. But do thou forget me poor wife, that thou mayest live to bring up my poor child.

I recommend unto you my poor brother A(drian) Gilbert. The lease of Sandridge is his, and none of mine. Let him have it for God's cause. He knows what is due to me upon it. And be good to Kemis, for he is a perfect honest man, and hath much wrong for my sake. For the rest, I commend me to them and them to God. And the Lord knows my sorrow to part from thee and my poor child. But part I must, by enemies and injuries; part with shame; and triumph of my detractors. And therefore be contented with this work of God, and forget me in all things, but thine own honour and the love of mine.

I bless my poor child, and let him know his father was no traitor. Be bold of my innocence, for God—to whom I offer life and soul—knows it. And whosoever thou choose again after me, let him be but thy politique husband. But let my son be thy beloved, for he is part of me, and I live in him; and the difference is but in the number and not in the kind. And the Lord for ever keep thee and them, and give thee comfort in both worlds.

- (2) For the Honourable William Lenthall, Speaker of the Commons House of Parliament: these.

Harborough,
14th June, 1645.

SIR,—

Being commanded by you to this service, I think myself bound to acquaint you with the good hand of God towards you and us.

We marched yesterday after the King, who went before us from Daventry to Harborough; and quartered about six miles from him. This day we marched towards him. He drew out to meet us; both Armies engaged. We, after three-hours fight very doubtful, at last routed his Army; killed and took about 5,000,—very many officers, but of what quality we yet know not. We took also about 200 carriages, all he had; and all his guns, being 12 in number, whereof two were demi-cannon, two demiculverins, and I think the rest sackers. We pursued the Enemy from three miles short of Harborough to nine beyond, even to the sight of Leicester, whither the King fled.

Sir, this is none other but the hand of God; and to Him alone belongs the glory, wherein none are to share with Him. The General served you with all faithfulness and honour: and the best commendation I can give him is, That I daresay he attributes all to God, and would rather perish than assume to himself. Which is an honest and a thriving way:—and yet as much for bravery may be given to him, in this action, as to a man. Honest men served you faithfully in this action. Sir, they are trusty; I beseech you, in the name of God, not to discourage them. I wish this action may beget thankfulness and humility in all who are concerned in it. He that ventures his life for the liberty of his country, I wish he trust God for the liberty of his conscience, and you for the liberty he fights for. In this he rests, who is your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

- (3) *Letter by MRS. WESLEY, mother of the famous JOHN WESLEY, describing the education of her children, circa. 1710.*

In order to form the minds of children, the first thing to be done is to conquer their will and bring them to an obedient temper. To inform the understanding is a work of time, and must, with children, proceed by slow degrees, as they are able to bear it; but the subjecting the will is a thing which must be done at once, and the sooner the better. When the will of a child is totally subdued, and it is brought to revere and stand in awe of

its parents, then a great many childish follies and inadvertencies may be passed by. Some should be overlooked and taken no notice of, and others mildly reprov'd ; but no wilfull transgression ought ever to be forgiven children without chastisement, more or less, as the nature and circumstance of the offence require. . . . They were quickly made to understand they might have nothing they cried for, and instructed to speak handsomely for what they wanted ; . . . nor were they ever permitted to *call each other by their proper names without the addition of brother or sister*. None of them were taught to read till five years old except Kezzy, in whose case I was overruled, and she was more years learning than any of the rest had been months. The way of teaching was this. The day before a child began to learn, the house was set in order, every one's work appointed them, and a charge given that none should come into the room from nine to twelve, or from two to five, which you know were our school-hours. One day was allowed the child wherein to learn its letters, and each of them did in that time learn all its letters, great and small, except Molly and Nancy, who were a day and a half before they knew them perfectly, for which I then thought them very dull ; but since I have observed how long many children are learning the hornbook I have changed my opinion. . . . There were several by-laws observed among us. I mention them here, because I think them useful. 1. It had been observed that cowardice and fear of punishment often leads children into lying, till they get a custom of it which they cannot leave. To prevent this, a law was made that whoever was charged with a fault of which they were guilty, if they would ingenuously confess it and promise to amend, should not be beaten. This rule prevented a great deal of lying, and would have done more if one in the family would have observed it. But he would not be prevailed upon, and therefore was often imposed on. . . . 3. That no child should ever be chid or beaten twice for the same fault, and that if they amended they should never be upbraided with it afterwards. 4. That every single act of obedience, especially when it crossed upon their own inclinations, should be always commended and frequently rewarded according to the merits of the cause. 5. That if ever any child performed an act of obedience, or did anything with an intention to please, though the performance was not well, yet the obedience and intention should be kindly accepted. 6. That property be inviolably preserved, and none suffered to invade the property of another in the smallest matter, though it were but of the value of a farthing or a pin. . . . This rule can never be

too much inculcated on the minds of children, and from the want of parents or governesses doing it as they ought proceeds that shameful neglect of justice which we may observe in the world. . . .
8. That no girl be taught to work till she can read very well. . . .
This rule also is much to be observed ; for the putting children to learn sewing before they can read perfectly is the very reason why so few women can read fit to be heard, and never to be well understood.

(4) DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON to the EARL OF CHESTERFIELD

February, 1775.

MY LORD,

I have been lately informed by the proprietor of the *World*, that two papers, in which my Dictionary is recommended to the publick, were written by your Lordship. To be so distinguished, is an honour, which, being very little accustomed to favours from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your Lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address ; and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *Le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*—that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending ; but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your Lordship in publick, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could ; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Seven years, my Lord, have now past, since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door ; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last, to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a Patron before. The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks

Is not a Patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help ? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind ; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot

enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the publick should consider me as owing that to a Patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation,

My Lord,
Your Lordship's most humble,
most obedient servant,
SAM. JOHNSON.

(5) *From DOUGLAS JERROLD to DICKENS*

MY DEAR DICKENS,

October, 1846.

Let me break this long silence with heartiest congratulations. Your book has spoken like a trumpet to the nation, and it is to me a pleasure to believe that you have faith in the sincerity of my gladness at your triumph. You have rallied your old thousands again; and, what is most delightful, you have rebuked and for ever "put down" the small things, half knave, half fool, that love to *make* the failure they "feed on." They are under your boot—tread 'em to paste.

And how is it that your cordial letter, inviting me to your cordial home, has been so long unanswered? Partly from hope, partly from something like shame. Let me write you a brief penitential history. When you left England I had been stirred to this newspaper ('tis forwarded to you, and, I hope, arrives). Nevertheless, the project was scarcely formed, and I had not the *least* idea of producing it before October—perhaps not until Christmas. This would have allowed me to take my sunny holiday at Lausanne. Circumstances, however, too numerous for this handbill, compelled me to precipitate the speculation or to abandon it. I printed in July, yet still believed I should be able to trust it to sufficient hands, long enough to enable me to spend a fortnight with you. And from week to week I hope this—with fainter hopes, but still hopes. At last I found it impossible, though compelled, by something very like congestion of the brain, to abscond for ten days' health and idleness. And I went to Jersey, when, by heavens, my heart was at Lausanne. But why

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not *then* answer this letter ? The question I put to myself—God knows how many times—when your missive, every other day, in my desk, smote my ungrateful hand like a thistle. And so time went, and *Dombey* comes out, and now, to be sure, I write. Had *Dombey* fallen apoplectic from the steam-press of Messrs. B[radbury] and E[vans], of *course* your letter would still have remained unanswered. But, with all England shouting “Viva Dickens,” it is a part of my gallant nature to squeak through my quill “brayvo” too.

This newspaper, with *other* allotments, is hard work ; but it is *independence*. And it was the hope of it that stirred me to the doing. I have a feeling of dread—a something almost insane in its abhorrence of the condition of the old, worn-out literary man ; the squeezed orange (*lemons* in my case, sing some sweet critics) ; the spent bullet ; the useless lumber of the world, flung upon literary funds while alive, with the hat to be sent round for his coffin and his widow. And therefore I set up this newspaper, which—I am sure of it—you will be glad to learn, is a large success. Its first number went off 18,000 ; it is now 9,000 (at the original outlay of about £1,500), and is within a fraction three-fourths my *own*. It was started at the dullest of dull times, but every week it is steadily advancing. I hope to make it an engine of some good. And so much for my apology—which, if you resist, why, I hope Mrs. Dickens and Miss H(ogarth) (it’s so long ago—is she *still* Miss ?) will take up and plead for me. . . .

You have heard, I suppose, that Thackeray is big with twenty parts, and, unless he is wrong in his time, expects the first instalment at Christmas. *Punch*, I believe, holds its course. . . . Nevertheless, I do not very cordially agree with its new spirit. I am convinced that the world will get tired (at least I hope so) of this eternal guffaw at all things. After all, life has something serious in it. It cannot all be a comic history of humanity. Some men would, I believe, write the Comic Sermon on the mount. Think of a Comic History of England ; the drollery of Alfred ; the fun of Sir Thomas More in the Tower ; the farce of his daughter begging the dead head, and clasping it in her coffin on her bosom. Surely the world will be sick of this blasphemy. When, moreover, the change comes, unless *Punch* goes a little back to his occasional gravities, he’ll be sure to suffer. . . .

And you are going to Paris ? I’m told Paris in the spring is very delectable. Not very bad sometimes at Christmas. Do you know anybody likely to ask me to take some *bouilli* there ? In all seriousness, give my hearty remembrances to your wife

and sister. I hope that health and happiness are showered on them, on you, and all. And believe me, my dear Dickens,

Yours ever truly and sincerely,

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

5. Write a letter :

(1) From a father to a schoolmaster, protesting against the severity of his son's Report, and saying that from observation of the boy's character during the holidays he can see no foundation for the strictures made upon him at school.

(2) From a lady to a registry office, protesting that the office took insufficient care when sending her a temporary cook, who was discovered to be stealing and sending away by post valuable articles belonging to the house.

(3) From a professional cricketer to the Chairman of the County Selection Committee, thanking the Committee for offering him the captaincy of the County XI, saying how conscious he is of the honour, but giving his reasons for declining.

(4) From a genuinely able actress who cannot get work on the West-End stage, owing to the overcrowding of the market, to an influential dramatic critic, who has praised her performances in the past, asking him whether he can help her in any way to secure employment.

(5) From an author to the editor of a literary paper, protesting against what he considers an unfair review of his latest novel. The reviewer, in the novelist's opinion, is entitled to disagree with the novelist's views but is not justified in accusing him of insincerity and a flippant desire to shock the public.

(6) From an old-fashioned uncle to a new-fangled nephew, maintaining that broadmindedness and tolerance are destroying the nation.

(7) From a School Governor to a headmaster, threatening to resign from the Governing Body if the headmaster authorizes the School to play cricket and football on Sundays.

(8) From the son of a famous public man to his father's biographer, protesting that insufficient justice has been done to his father's life-work.

(9) From a boy at school to his sister at home, telling her of all which has happened recently at school which he thought it wisest not to mention when writing to his parents.

(10) From a tenant to a landlord, explaining that unless the landlord puts in hand at once the repairs necessary to the exterior of the house, the property will deteriorate permanently in value.

(11) From a literary man who occupies a flat below a professional pianist, asking the pianist whether it would be possible for him to curtail his hours of practice which disturb the literary man to such an extent that his means of livelihood are seriously threatened.

(12) The last letter from a money-lender to potential clients before the circulation of such letters became illegal.

CHAPTER IV

THE SHORT STORY

STORY-TELLING and story-hearing are instincts as deep as childhood. Not only is the child for ever asking to be told stories, but, when it cannot persuade an elder to oblige, it will supply its own needs, and fashion from the fairies and dragons and princesses and spiders of the nursery wall-paper and the nursery books an epic of unsurpassable romance. It has been said that in each one of us there is born a poet, but that he dies young—crushed, it is implied, by the humdrum of every-day life. With equal truth might it be said that in each one of us is born a story-teller, but that he perishes as early as the poet.

So long, however, as we remain alive, nothing that was born in us can die completely : rather certain faculties decay or become dormant, and it is within our power to revive them. The first instinct of most people who have passed beyond the nursery stage on being told abruptly to write a story, is to say, "I can't write stories." Very few children say, "I can't tell stories." What has happened? The spontaneity and freshness of the child's imagination have fallen out of use while the brain has grappled with the grim discipline of the alphabet and the multiplication table. The alphabet and the multiplication table are useful and necessary possessions, but they are not romantic : the essence of romance is that you never know what is going to happen next—whether Jack is going to kill the giant or whether the giant

is going to eat Jack; in the alphabet B succeeds A with dreary regularity, and seven sevens make forty-nine with maddening persistency.

Romance is the essence of story-telling. The art of the story-teller is to keep the reader in continual suspense and never to let him know what is coming next—if he knew, or could guess, he would probably think it waste of time to go on listening to you, and would go away and feed the rabbits: but so long as he cannot be quite certain how it will all end, the rabbits will have to wait.

To recapture this art of childhood, forget for the time being all that you have ever learnt, and the fact that you have ever learnt anything; brush all the cobwebs of long division and French irregular verbs out of your brain, try to look for a short time at life with the wonder with which you looked at it first out of the nursery window: when everything was exciting because it was still uncertain; before you had seen the sun rise so often that you took it for granted; before you knew that even the longest, heaviest rain-storm comes to an end, and that there is really no chance—in this century at least—of another Flood. The trouble with you now, so far as writing stories is concerned, is that you take everything for granted. You look at a bush of rhododendrons or a pond of goldfish, and forget that they are miracles. You forget that the postman was once a baby not two feet high, and that every article of furniture in your room came out of the earth: in fact, custom has staled your sense of the inexhaustible interest of life, and you must revive that sense before you can hope to interest your reader.

There are other technical qualities which a writer of stories must have, a sense of construction and a power of lucid expression; but these will not help him unless he has that energizing zest in life which converts composition from a dead mechanical exercise into living literature.

The first impulse of some one who thinks that he cannot

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write a story is usually the last to which he should yield—one, in fact, to which he should never yield at all—to look in a book to see how some one else has done it. If the story he finds there is bad, it is worse than no example at all; if it is good, it is equally useless, for no good thing in art can ever be repeated. In the book already written, the author, if he is worth his salt, has made his story out of his experience and view of life: to copy that is to produce what is second-hand and stale. The new writer must in his turn look direct at life and in his own heart to see what impression events make on his own feelings, then let him say what he thinks, fashion a story which is the outcome of his own first-hand impressions, and something new and worth while—however immature—is brought into the world.

Think of the last cricket match in which you played, or which you watched, the faces of the last crowd in which you stood, the sounds of the last dog-fight you heard, or the swishing of the waves against the last ship you sailed on, the hissing spray that drenched your face, and the ceaseless throb of the propellers; think of the motor-accident in which you were nearly involved, the first time that you were thrilled by a sunset, the way in which your own dog looks at you and at no one else, the expression of the boxers in that last round, or of those babies in their first bathe. Think, in fact, of everything in life which has struck you and which has come to you fresh and at first hand; draw on this material for your story, and it will be worth reading.

A MODEL SHORT STORY

ON THE BRIGHTON ROAD

By Richard Middleton

Slowly the sun had climbed up the hard white downs, till it broke with little of the mysterious ritual of dawn upon a sparkling world of snow. There had been a hard frost during the night,

and the birds, who hopped about here and there with scant tolerance of life, left no trace of their passage on the silver pavements. In places the sheltered caverns of the hedges broke the monotony of the whiteness that had fallen upon the coloured earth, and overhead the sky melted from orange to deep blue, from deep blue to a blue so pale that it suggested a thin paper screen rather than illimitable space. Across the level fields there came a cold, silent wind which blew fine dust of snow from the trees, but hardly stirred the crested hedges. Once above the sky-line, the sun seemed to climb more quickly, and as it rose higher it began to give out a heat that blended with the keenness of the wind.

It may have been this strange alternation of heat and cold that disturbed the tramp in his dreams, for he struggled for a moment with the snow that covered him, like a man who finds himself twisted uncomfortably in the bed-clothes, and then sat up with staring, questioning eyes. "Lord! I thought I was in bed," he said to himself as he took in the vacant landscape, "and all the while I was out here." He stretched his limbs, and, rising carefully to his feet, shook the snow off his body. As he did so the wind set him shivering, and he knew that his bed had been warm.

"Come, I feel pretty fit," he thought. "I suppose I am lucky to wake at all in this. Or unlucky—it isn't much of a business to come back to." He looked up and saw the downs shining against the blue like the Alps on a picture-postcard. "That means another forty miles or so, I suppose," he continued grimly. "Lord knows what I did yesterday. Walked till I was done, and now I'm only about twelve miles from Brighton. Damn the snow, damn Brighton, damn everything!" The sun crept up higher and higher, and he started walking patiently along the road with his back turned to the hills.

"Am I glad or sorry that it was only sleep that took me, glad or sorry, glad or sorry?" His thoughts seemed to arrange themselves in a metrical accompaniment to the steady thud of his footsteps, and he hardly sought an answer to his question. It was good enough to walk to.

Presently, when three milestones had loitered past, he overtook a boy who was stooping to light a cigarette. He wore no overcoat, and looked unspeakably fragile against the snow. "Are you on the road, guv'nor?" asked the boy huskily as he passed.

"I think I am," the tramp said.

"Oh! then I'll come a bit of the way with you if you don't walk too fast. It's a bit lonesome walking this time of day." The tramp nodded his head, and the boy started limping along by his side.

"I'm eighteen," he said casually. "I bet you thought I was younger."

"Fifteen, I'd have said."

"You'd have backed a loser. Eighteen last August, and I've been on the road six years. I ran away from home five times when I was a little 'un, and the police took me back each time. Very good to me, the police was. Now I haven't got a home to run away from."

"Nor have I," the tramp said calmly.

"Oh, I can see what you are," the boy panted; "you're a gentleman come down. It's harder for you than for me." The tramp glanced at the limping, feeble figure and lessened his pace.

"I haven't been at it as long as you have," he admitted.

"No, I could tell that by the way you walk. You haven't got tired yet. Perhaps you expect something the other end?"

The tramp reflected for a moment. "I don't know," he said bitterly, "I'm always expecting things."

"You'll grow out of that," the boy commented. "It's warmer in London, but it's harder to come by grub. There isn't much in it really."

"Still, there's the chance of meeting somebody there who will understand——"

"Country people are better," the boy interrupted. "Last night I took a lease of a barn for nothing and slept with the cows, and this morning the farmer routed me out and gave me tea and toke because I was little. Of course, I score there; but in London, soup on the Embankment at night, and all the rest of the time coppers moving you on."

"I dropped by the roadside last night and slept where I fell. It's a wonder I didn't die," the tramp said. The boy looked at him sharply.

"How do you know you didn't?" he said.

"I don't see it," the tramp said, after a pause.

"I tell you," the boy said hoarsely, "people like us can't get away from this sort of thing if we want to. Always hungry and thirsty and dog-tired and walking all the time. And yet if any one offers me a nice home and work my stomach feels sick. Do I look strong? I know I'm little for my age, but I've been knocking about like this for six years, and do you think I'm not

dead? I was drowned bathing at Margate, and I was killed by a gipsy with a spike—he knocked my head right in; and twice I was froze like you last night; and a motor cut me down on this very road, and yet I'm walking along here now, walking to London to walk away from it again, because I can't help it. Dead! I tell you we can't get away if we want to."

The boy broke off in a fit of coughing, and the tramp paused while he recovered.

"You'd better borrow my coat for a bit, Tommy," he said, "your cough's pretty bad."

"You go to hell!" the boy said fiercely, puffing at his cigarette; "I'm all right. I was telling you about the road. You haven't got down to it yet, but you'll find out presently. We're all dead, all of us who're on it, and we're all tired, yet somehow we can't leave it. There's nice smells in the summer, dust and hay and the wind smack in your face on a hot day; and it's nice waking up in the wet grass on a fine morning. I don't know, I don't know——" he lurched forward suddenly, and the tramp caught him in his arms.

"I'm sick," the boy whispered—"sick."

The tramp looked up and down the road, but he could see no houses or any sign of help. Yet even as he supported the boy doubtfully in the middle of the road a motor-car suddenly flashed in the middle distance, and came smoothly through the snow.

"What's the trouble?" said the driver quietly as he pulled up. "I'm a doctor." He looked at the boy keenly and listened to his strained breathing.

"Pneumonia," he commented. "I'll give him a lift to the infirmary, and you, too, if you like."

The tramp thought of the workhouse and shook his head. "I'd rather walk," he said.

The boy winked faintly as they lifted him into the car.

"I'll meet you beyond Reigate," he murmured to the tramp. "You'll see." And the car vanished along the white road.

All the morning the tramp splashed through the thawing snow, but at midday he begged some bread at a cottage door and crept into a lonely barn to eat it. It was warm in there, and after his meal he fell asleep among the hay. It was dark when he woke, and started trudging once more through the slushy roads.

Two miles beyond Reigate a figure, a fragile figure, slipped out of the darkness to meet him.

"On the road, gov'nor?" said a husky voice. "Then I'll

come a bit of the way with you if you don't walk too fast. It's a bit lonesome walking this time of day."

"But the pneumonia!" cried the tramp aghast.

"I died at Crawley this morning," said the boy.

Exercises in Short-Story Writing

1. Write a short story on the subject of :

(1) A dancing bear that turned savage.

(2) A telegram that went wrong.

(3) What occurred between three men in a third-class railway carriage (not a corridor) while the train was stuck in a tunnel.

(4) An army officer who was a coward.

(5) A jockey who "pulled" his horse.

(6) A famous opera tenor who lost his voice.

(7) A billiard marker who faked the score.

(8) A flautist who sent a substitute to the orchestral performance who was really a dummy.

(9) A portrait painter who refused to make a flattering picture of the profiteer's wife.

(10) The merry Christmas house-party who, when the fun was at its height, turned on the wireless and heard something which checked their hilarity.

(11) A dishonest postman.

(12) The railway signal-man who fell asleep in his box.

(13) The old gentleman who went round to the exchange to see why the operator had kept him waiting so long.

(14) The village that thought the end of the world was coming that midnight.

(15) The policeman who, at a crisis, found that he had not enough breath to blow his whistle.

(16) The publisher who lost the only existing manuscript of a famous novelist's work.

(17) The actor who forgot his part.

(18) The professional cracksman who got himself engaged as a footman in a country house.

(19) The novice who went riding off on a motor-bicycle before there was time to show him how to stop it.

(20) The acrobat who, having a spite against his partner, determined to let him down during the performance.

(21) A journalist who regarded a tragedy only as copy.

(22) How a boy who could not swim rescued a drowning man.

(23) A terrifying film and an hysterical woman.

(24) An imaginary incident during the Fire of London.

(25) A humorous skit on the wireless which was taken seriously and caused a panic.

(26) How a dog saved the lives of a hundred people.

(27) A prophecy that was fulfilled.

(28) A dream that turned out to be true.

(29) A child who was justified in believing in fairies.

(30) The ghost that proved to be a real one.

2. Expand the following incidents by means of description, comment, and reflection, into stories of from one to three pages :

(1) They arrived at the football match. An official advised them to leave any valuables in his charge, as pickpockets were believed to be about. They returned after the match for their valuables: the official and the valuables had gone.

(2) Two painters competed as to which could paint the most realistic picture. The first painted a basket of fruit which the birds came and pecked at. "That cannot be excelled," said the judges. The second took the judges to his studio, where his canvas was on the easel covered by a cloth. "Take off the cloth," said the judges. The cloth was the picture.

(3) "I have never had a complaint before," said the milkman. "Well, you've got one now," said the customer.

(4) "Those are the horns of Pharaoh's fat kine," said the Museum guide. The boy laughed, but his parents were very much impressed.

(5) Baron Munchausen tied his horse to a spike in the ground and went to sleep in the snow. When he woke, the snow had melted, and his horse was dangling from the church steeple.

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(6) "I don't believe in ghosts," he said half-way up in the lift. "Don't you?" said the lift-girl, and vanished.

(7) The enemy swarmed over the parapet. In his terror by mistake he shot his own Colonel; again he shot blindly, and killed his Captain; panic-stricken he pulled the trigger a third time and shot his own foot. When he woke in hospital he found he had been awarded the D.S.O. for being the sole surviving officer in his trench.

(8) They argued as to which smelt stronger, the goat or the Turkish interpreter. A court was set up to decide. They brought in the goat, and the President of the court fainted. Then they brought in the interpreter, and the goat fainted.

(9) The Colonel was court-martialled for running away, and one of his men was called up to give evidence against him. "Did you see the Colonel running away?" "Yes." "How can you be sure it was the Colonel?" "By the way he was talking." "What was he saying?" "The Colonel had just trod on a hare, and he was saying: 'Get out of the way you furry fury, and let some one run who can run.'"

(10) News of the regiment which had gone into action was feverishly awaited at Divisional Headquarters. All means of communication had been destroyed, and the only hope of news depended on the carrier pigeons. At last one came in sight and flew slowly towards them. The General seized the message: "I'm fed up with carrying this blinking bird."

(11) He was reading his newspaper alone in a railway carriage. The train stopped and a drunk man climbed in on all fours. "Did you see me getting in?" asked the drunk man. "Yes." A pause. "Do you know who I am?" asked the drunk man. "No." A pause. "Then how did you know it was me getting in?"

(12) The traveller said he was a heavy sleeper and asked the guard to wake him and put him out at Newcastle, even if, being half-awake, he seemed to expostulate. When he awoke he found himself in Edinburgh. "Why didn't you put me out at Newcastle?" he stormed at the guard; so furious did he become that he eventually apologized for his strong language. "That's all right, sir," said the guard, "it's nothing to the language which the gentleman used whom I *did* put out at Newcastle."

3. Write :

- (1) A nonsense story of not more than thirty words.
- (2) A funny story of not more than fifty words.
- (3) A ghost story of not more than one hundred words.
- (4) A fairy story of not more than two hundred words.
- (5) A school story of not more than five hundred words.
- (6) A detective story of not more than one thousand words.
- (7) A story on any subject with a complete surprise in the last sentence.

4. Exercise in avoiding the commonplace. Write :

- (1) A humorous story on the subject of crossing the Channel without ever mentioning sea-sickness.
- (2) A story on the subject of money without ever mentioning poverty.
- (3) A story about a plumber who never forgot his tools.
- (4) A school story in which there is no hero, no bully, no muff, no humorous French master who cannot keep order, and no sneak.
- (5) A story about a retired Indian colonel who is not peppery.
- (6) A story about a professor who is not absent-minded.

5. Complete the following :

(1) The airman, fully ten thousand feet above the ground sprang from the machine and tugged convulsively at the string of the parachute. A thousand feverish thoughts and fancies seemed to flash through his brain in what can have been but an infinitesimal moment of time. At first he seemed to be sinking luxuriously into a feather-bed ; gradually he felt the parachute opening . . .

(2) "It is all very well," said the butcher, "here have I called three times about this account, and always you say as how I shall have the money to-morrow. I've got quite enough to do looking after my shop without having to come round arguing with customers like this." The woman looked at him impassively. "Perhaps you would like to come in and speak to my husband about it," she said. Taking off his bowler hat

and turning it round and round between his hands, and muttering something more about "a blooming waste of my time," the butcher followed her sulkily into the house . . .

(3) "There can be no possible object in your remaining any longer on the ship, sir," said the Lieutenant; "all the passengers and crew are now taken off in safety, and there is ample room for you in the last boat, which is now waiting to take us after them." The Captain surveyed him with a queer light in his eyes, which reflected humour and affection, mixed with defiance . . .

CHAPTER V

VERSE-WRITING

IT is given to few to be poets. *Poeta nascitur, non fit*. Imagination, sensibility, emotion, these are the gifts of the gods, and are not distributed equally. But any one may make verses: neatness, lucidity, some sense of style, and a strict mastery of whatever metre is attempted, are the only qualifications necessary. It has long been customary in England for Greek and Latin composition to be taught, but the idea of an English student writing English verses has seldom been entertained. Theoretical instruction has sometimes been given in the nature of metres, but the obvious practical course of asking the pupil to write something in those metres has rarely been approached, although there is nothing upon which the creative instinct will more readily exert itself than on the making of verses.

The metres in which English poets have written are almost numberless. A volume of Swinburne alone contains almost as many metres as poems. This makes the study of English metres in the vague too complicated except for specialists. While the statisticians compile lists of rules and examples, ignorant and regardless of their tables the English poets follow only one rule: whatever scans scans; whatever runs runs.

The Iambic Pentameter.—It is, however, noteworthy that much of the greatest English poetry is written in one metre—the iambic pentameter. This is the metre of Shakespeare's plays, of *Paradise Lost*, of *The Excursion*, and *The Idylls of*

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the King. And as the iambic pentameter is a comparatively simple metre, it is one on which the student may well concentrate.

A pentameter is a line of five feet (Greek : *pente*—five). An iambus is a short syllable followed by a long one, as in the word “col-lapse.” The iambic pentameter is therefore a line consisting of five iambic feet : —|—|—|—|—|

It is the metre in which Mr. A. A. Milne wrote his *Coronation Ode*, which he printed (in *Punch*) prematurely and unfinished, as he was afraid other poets might forestall him !

Uplift thee, Muse, and sing us how and when
 Beneath the shadow of the Larger Ben
 The King of England and the Queen were crowned—
 With lumpti—umti-umti standing round—

O Muse, take out thy lyre and sing the song
 Short-long, short-long, short-long, short-long, short-long.

The earliest English dramatists used the iambic pentameter with such exactness that it became monotonous. In the early tragedy *Gorboduc*, by Norton and Sackville, first acted in 1560, the lines move with the regularity of a machine :

Did ever age bring forth such tyrant hearts ?
 The brother hath bereft the brother's life,
 The mother, she had dyed her cruel hands
 In blood of her own son ; and now at last
 The people, lo, forgetting truth and love,
 Contemning quite both law and loyal heart,
 Ev'n they have slain their sovereign lord and queen.

It was the glory of later and greater dramatists such as Marlowe to avoid this monotonous effect by introducing the trochee (—|), spondee (—|—|), pyrrhic (|—|), and even three-syllable feet, without allowing the metre of the line to lose its essential nature. The following speech of Dr. Faustus

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shows how Marlowe had learnt to vary the rhythm of the pentameter effectively :

“ The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,
The devil will come, and Faustus must be damned.
O I'll leap up to my God : who pulls me down ?
See, see where Christ's blood streams in the firmament.
One drop would save my soul, half a drop, ah ! my Christ.
Ah, rend not my heart for naming of my Christ,
Yet will I call on him : oh, spare me, Lucifer ! ”

The lines pause and advance in accordance with the spiritual agony in which they are uttered. It is actually possible to scan the fourth line, “ See where Christ's blood streams in the firmament,” but only a metre machine would so pronounce it.

Where Marlowe had shown the way, Shakespeare scaled the heights, achieving an incomparable mastery over the rhythmical variations possible in blank verse. Strictly regular blank verse lines, such as

“ It is not night when I do see your face ”

are rare in Shakespeare. Perdita's flower speech is a good example of the variety of which Shakespeare is capable :

“ O Proserpina !

For the flowers now that frightened thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon ! daffodils
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty ; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath ; pale prime-roses
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids ; bold oxlips and
The crown imperial ; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one.”

Unrhymed iambic pentameters are called blank verse. When rhymed in pairs, they make “ heroic couplets,” as such a metre is suitable for the narration of heroic subjects.

Chaucer wrote his *Canterbury Tales* and Dryden his famous *Satires* in heroic couplets. Pope polished the metre to glittering perfection. Pope, who once said of himself that he could only "think in flashes," regularly closed the sense with every couplet, so that he was said to "turn Pegasus into a rocking-horse." Nevertheless, the brilliance of Pope's couplet has made it a model :

"Could all our care elude the gloomy grave,
Which claims no less the fearful than the brave,
For lust of fame I should not vainly dare
In fighting fields, nor urge thy soul to war.
But since, alas ! ignoble age must come,
Disease, and death's inexorable doom ;
The life which others pay, let us bestow,
And give to fame what we to nature owe ;
Brave though we fall, and honour'd if we live,
Or let us glory gain, or glory give !"

(From the speech of Sarpedon in Book XII of Pope's translation of the *Iliad*.)

The following are instances of the heroic couplet as written by Chaucer and Dryden :

Whan that Aprille with his shoures sote
The droghte of Marche hath perced to the rote,
And bathed every veyne in swiche licour,
Of which vertu engendred is the flour ;
Whan Zephirus eek with his swete breth
Inspired hath in every holt and heeth
The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfe cours y-ronne,
And smale fowles maken melodye,
That slepen al the night with open yē,
(So priketh hem nature in hir corages) :
Than longen folk to goon on pilgrimages.

(From the *Prologue* to the *Canterbury Tales* by Chaucer.)

For close designs and crooked counsels fit
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit ;
Restless, unfix'd in principles and place ;
In power unclas'd, impatient of disgrace :

A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
 Fretted the pigmy-body to decay,
 And o'er informed the tenement of clay.
 A daring pilot in extremity ;
 Pleas'd with the danger, when the waves went high
 He sought the storms ; but for a calm unfit,
 Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.

(From the description of Lord Shaftesbury, under the name of "Achitophel," in Dryden's *Absalom and Achitophel*.)

The Sonnet.—The iambic pentameter is also the line which is used for Sonnets. A Sonnet is a poem consisting of fourteen iambic pentameters, and the subject is usually reflective or emotional in character. The lines are divided up in various different ways and with various different rhyme-schemes. The most usual forms are those which were used by Shakespeare and Milton respectively. Shakespeare's sonnets are divided into four quatrains and a couplet, and different rhymes are used in each. Milton's sonnets are, divided into an octave and a sestet, and two rhymes only are used in the octave, and two or three in the sestet. In the Shakespearean sonnet the last two lines should contain a kind of summing-up or clinching of the subject-matter of the whole, and, in the Miltonic variety, a definite break or turn in the thought usually occurs between the octave and the sestet.

These are the two definite forms of sonnet as laid down by the master-poets, and the instructions here given for correct sonnet-writing are such as the student will do well to follow. But he must not be surprised to find any or all of these rules broken at times by the masters, for true poetry carries its author away beyond the bounds of any law. The only laws of sonnet-writing which cannot be broken are : the use of the iambic pentameter ; the number of lines—fourteen ; and the law that all the lines must rhyme somewhere. Without these three essentials the poem would cease to be called a sonnet.

Sonnets are excellent practice to write, and the student should study the three examples given, and try to imitate their construction. The following sonnet of Shakespeare shows the typical Shakespearean form. It must be clearly realized that all sonnets are written in the same metre: the difference lies only in the rhyme-scheme and in the dividing up of the verses.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day ?

Thou art more lovely and more temperate :
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May
And summer's lease hath all too short a date :

Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd ;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd ;

But thy eternal summer shall not fade
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest ;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade
When in eternal lines to time thou growest :

So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this ;—and this gives life to thee.

Notice the alternate rhymes in the quatrains, and the rhymed couplet making a concise ending. This is the strict Shakespearean form, and admits of no alteration in the rhyming.

The Miltonic sonnet, which is also the form chiefly used by Wordsworth, is built on a somewhat different plan, but still the line always used is the iambic pentameter. Milton's famous sonnet on his Blindness is a good example :

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He returning chide ;
"Doth God exact day-labour, light denied ?"
I fondly ask : but Patience, to prevent

That murmur, soon replies : " God doth not need
 Either man's work, or His own gifts ; who best
 Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best : His state
 Is kingly ; thousands at His bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest ;
 They also serve who only stand and wait."

The rhyme-scheme of the octave, that is, of the first eight lines, is the correct rhyme-scheme for a Miltonic sonnet and does not admit of variations. The sestet is much freer : it may have either three pairs of rhymes or two sets of three, and they may be arranged in any order.

Notice how, in this sonnet, Milton draws the sense of the octave over into the sestet. Roughly speaking, the octave expresses his impatience at his blindness, and the turn of the thought comes with the sestet which speaks of patience and consolation, but the poet in this case does not make a definite break between the two parts of the poem, but bridges over the gap by the sentence "but Patience, to prevent that murmur, soon replies."

The following sonnet of Wordsworth shows the break between the two parts, and also a different rhyme-scheme in the sestet :

SONNET COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE

Earth has not any thing to show more fair :
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
 A sight so touching in its majesty :
 This City now doth, like a garment, wear
 The beauty of the morning ; silent, bare,
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
 Open unto the fields, and to the sky ;
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
 Never did sun more beautifully steep
 In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill ;
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !
 The river glideth at his own sweet will :
 Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;
 And all that mighty heart is lying still !

Here the octave is mainly descriptive, and the sestet expresses the thoughts and feeling aroused by the sight.

In writing sonnets, the student should be encouraged to set them out carefully, indenting the rhyming lines and dividing up the sections as far as the sense permits. This not only makes the manuscript pleasanter to look at, but also makes the sonnet much easier to read, and helps to bring out the balance of the sense, thus making the meaning clearer.

As an example of the turning of other metres into heroic couplets, may be given the following fine parody, which the student will not be asked to attempt to imitate. In it, not only Pope's metre but his whole style is parodied, in reproducing a poem of Tennyson, originally of quite another temper.

Tennyson's original :

Break, break, break,
On thy cold grey stones, O sea !
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play !
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay !

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill ;
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still !

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O sea !
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

Mr. J. C. Squire's parody (reproduced by his kind permission from his *Tricks of the Trade*) :

IF POPE HAD WRITTEN "BREAK, BREAK, BREAK"

Fly, Muse, thy wonted themes, nor longer seek
The consolations of a powder'd cheek ;
Forsake the busy purlieus of the Court
For calmer meads where finny tribes resort.
So may th' Almighty's natural antidote
Abate the worldly tenour of thy note,
'The various beauties of the liquid main
Refine thy reed and elevate thy strain.

See how the labour of the urgent oar
Propels the barks and draws them to the shore.
Hark ! from the margin of the azure bay
The joyful cries of infants at their play.
(The offspring of a piscatorial swain,
His home the sands, his pasturage the main.)
Yet none of these may soothe the mourning heart,
Nor fond alleviation's sweets impart ;
Nor may the pow'rs of infants that rejoice
Restore the accents of a former voice,
Nor the bright smiles of ocean's nymphs command
The pleasing contact of a vanished hand.
So let me still in meditation move,
Muse in the vale and ponder in the grove,
And scan the skies where sinking Phœbus glows
With hues more rubicund than Cibber's nose. . . .

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 Loses them too ; then down he throws
 The coral of his lip, the rose
 Growing on's cheek (but none knows how) ;
 With these, the crystal of his brow,
 And then the dimple of his chin ;
 All these did my Campaspe win :
 At last he set her both his eyes—
 She won, and Cupid blind did rise.

O Love ! has she done this to thee ?

What shall, alas ! become of me ?

(From *Endymion*, by JOHN LYLY (1553-1606).)

The same poem turned into heroic couplets :

Cupid and my Campaspe sat and play'd
 At cards for kisses : Cupid 'twas who paid.
 He stakes his quiver, bow, and then his arrows,
 His mother's doves, and next her team of sparrows ;
 Loses them also ; down at last he throws
 The coral of his lip, the blushing rose
 That grows upon his cheek (though none knows how) ;
 With these he stakes the crystal of his brow,
 And then the laughing dimple of his chin :
 All these triumphant did Campaspe win :
 At last he even wagered both his eyes :
 Again she won, and Cupid blind did rise.
 O Love ! if she has done so much to thee,
 What in the world will then become of me ?

Exercises :

(1)

ON A GIRDLE

That which her slender waist confined
 Shall now my joyful temples bind :
 No monarch but would give his crown
 His arms might do what this has done.

It was my Heaven's extremest sphere,
 The pale which held that lovely deer
 My joy, my grief, my hope, my love
 Did all within this circle move.

A narrow compass ! and yet there
 Dwelt all that's good— and all that's fair :
 Give me but what this ribband bound,
 Take all the rest the Sun goes round.—E. WALLER.

- (2) Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory—
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead, .
Are heap'd for the beloved's bed ;
And so thy thoughts, when Thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

P. B. SHELLEY.

(3)

CORINNA'S MAYING

Get up, get up for shame ! The blooming morn
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.
See how Aurora throws her fair
Fresh-quilted colours through the air :
Get up, sweet Slug-a-bed, and see
The dew bespangling herb and tree.
Each flower has wept, and bow'd toward the east,
Above an hour since ; yet you not drest,
Nay ! not so much as out of bed ?
When all the birds have matins said,
And sung their thankful hymns : 'tis sin,
Nay, profanation, to keep in,—
Whenas a thousand virgins on this day,
Spring, sooner than the lark, to fetch-in May.

Rise ; and put on your foliage, and be seen
To come forth, like the Spring-time, fresh and green
And sweet as Flora. Take no care
For jewels for your gown, or hair :
Fear not ; the leaves will strew
Gems in abundance upon you :
Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept :
Come, and receive them while the light
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night :
And Titan on the eastern hill
Retires himself, or else stands still
Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in praying :
Few beads are best, when once we go a Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come ; and coming, mark
 How each field turns a street ; each street a park
 Made green, and trimm'd with trees : see how
 Devotion gives each house a bough
 Or branch : Each porch, each door, ere this,
 An ark, a tabernacle is,
 Made up of white-thorn neatly interwove ;
 As if here were those cooler shades of love.
 Can such delights be in the street,
 And open fields, and we not see't ?
 Come, we'll abroad : and let's obey
 The proclamation made for May :
 And sin no more, as we have done, by staying ;
 But, my Corinna, come, let's go a Maying.

 There's not a budding boy, or girl, this day,
 But is got up, and gone to bring-in May.
 A deal of youth, ere this, is come
 Back, and with white-thorn laden home.
 Some have despatch'd their cakes and cream,
 Before that we have left to dream :
 And some have wept, and woo'd, and plighted troth,
 And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth :
 Many a green-gown has been given ;
 Many a kiss, both odd and even :
 Many a glance too has been sent
 From out the eye, Love's firmament ;
 Many a jest told of the keys betraying
 This night, and locks pick'd :—Yet we're not a Maying.

—Come, let us go, while we are in our prime
 And take the harmless folly of the time !
 We shall grow old apace, and die
 Before we know our liberty.
 Our life is short ; and our days run
 As fast away as does the sun :—
 And as a vapour, or a drop of rain
 Once lost, can ne'er be found again :
 So when or you or I are made
 A fable, song, or fleeting shade ;
 All love, all liking, all delight
 Lies drown'd with us in endless night.
 Then while time serves, and we are but decaying,
 Come, my Corinna ! come, let's go a Maying.—R. HERRICK.

2. The following poems are more difficult to turn into heroic couplets, because the lines of the originals do not rhyme in pairs, and it is therefore usually not possible to use the same rhymes again.

Example :

A HUE AND CRY AFTER FAIR AMORET

Fair Amoret is gone astray—
Pursue and seek her, ev'ry lover ;
I'll tell the signs by which you may
The wand'ring Shepherdess discover.

Coquette and coy at once her air,
Both studied, tho' both seem neglected ;
Careless she is, with artful care,
Affecting to seem unaffected.

With skill her eyes dart ev'ry glance,
Yet change so soon you'd ne'er suspect them,
For she'd persuade they wound by chance,
Tho' certain aim and art direct them.

She likes herself, yet others hates
For that which in herself she prizes ;
And, while she laughs at them, forgets
She is the thing that she despises.

WILLIAM CONGREVE.

The same poem turned into heroic couplets :

A HUE AND CRY AFTER FAIR AMORET

Fair Amoret has wandered off the track,
Lovers pursue her and escort her back.
If you will pay attention I'll advise
How you may best the lady recognize.
Coquette and coy at once appears her air,
Which she has studied with excessive care.
Although her manners seem so unaffected,
No artificial wile has she neglected.
Ingenuously her eyes dart every glance,
Yet change so soon you'd think it is by chance.

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 The tricks in which she is most deeply versed
 She represents as being unrehearsed.
 She likes herself, yet others she despises
 For that which in herself she highly prizes,
 And mocking them is ready to forget
 That what she does not like is Amoret.

Exercises : Turn the following poems into heroic couplets :

(1) ON A FAVOURITE CAT, DROWNED IN A TUB OF
 GOLD FISHES

'Twas on a lofty vase's side,
 Where China's gayest art had dyed
 The azure flowers that blow,
 Demurest of the tabby kind
 The pensive Selima, reclined,
 Gazed on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declared :
 The fair round face, the snowy beard,
 The velvet of her paws,
 Her coat that with the tortoise vies,
 Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes—
 She saw, and purr'd applause.

Still had she gazed, but 'midst the tide
 Two angel forms were seen to glide,
 The Genii of the stream :
 Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue
 Through richest purple, to the view
 Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless Nymph with wonder saw :
 A whisker first, and then a claw
 With many an ardent wish
 She stretch'd, in vain, to reach the prize—
 What female heart can gold despise ?
 What Cat's averse to fish ?

Presumptuous maid ! with looks intent
 Again she stretch'd, again she bent,

Nor knew the gulf between—
Malignant Fate sat by and smiled—
The slippery verge her feet beguiled ;
She tumbled headlong in !

Eight times emerging from the flood
She mew'd to every watery God
Some speedy aid to send :—
No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd,
Nor cruel Tom nor Susan heard—
A favourite has no friend !

From hence, ye Beauties ! undeceived
Know one false step is ne'er retrieved,
And be with caution bold :
Not all that tempts your wandering eyes
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize,
Nor all that glisters, gold !

T. GRAY.

(2)

ALL FOR LOVE

O talk not to me of a name great in story ;
The days of our youth are the days of our glory ;
And the myrtle and ivy of sweet two-and-twenty
Are worth all your laurels, though ever so plenty.

What are garlands and crowns to the brow that is wrinkled ?
'Tis but as a dead flower with May-dew besprinkled :
Then away with all such from the head that is hoary—
What care I for the wreaths that can only give glory ?

Oh fame !—if I e'er took delight in thy praises,
'Twas less for the sake of thy high-sounding phrases,
Than to see the bright eyes of the dear one discover
She thought that I was not unworthy to love her.

There chiefly I sought thee, there only I found thee ;
Her glance was the best of the rays that surround thee ;
When it sparkled o'er aught that was bright in my story,
I knew it was love, and I felt it was glory.

LORD BYRON.

- (3) TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO THE WARS
- Tell me not, Sweet, I am unkind
 That from the nunnery
 Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind,
 To war and arms I fly.
- True, a new mistress now I chase,
 The first foe in the field ;
 And with a stronger faith embrace
 A sword, a horse, a shield.
- Yet this inconstancy is such
 As you too shall adore ;
 I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
 Loved I not Honour more.
- COLONEL LOVELACE.

- (4) ODE TO DUTY

Stern Daughter of the Voice of God !
 O Duty ! if that name thou love
 Who art a light to guide, a rod
 To check the erring, and reprove ;
 Thou who art victory and law
 When empty terrors overawe ;
 From vain temptations dost set free,
 And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity !

There are who ask not if thine eye
 Be on them ; who, in love and truth
 Where no misgiving is, rely
 Upon the genial sense of youth :
 Glad hearts ! without reproach or blot,
 Who do thy work, and know it not :
 Oh ! if through confidence misplaced
 They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power ! around them cast.

Serene will be our days and bright
 And happy will our nature be
 When love is an unerring light,
 And joy its own security.

And they a blissful course may hold
Ev'n now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed ;
Yet seek thy firm support, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried,
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
Too blindly have reposed my trust :
And oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferr'd
The task, in smoother walks to stray ;
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy controul,
But in the quietness of thought :
Me this uncharter'd freedom tires ;
I feel the weight of chance-desires :
My hopes no more must change their name ;
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver ! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace ;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face :
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,
And fragrance in thy footing treads ;
Thou dost preserve the Stars from wrong ;
And the most ancient Heavens, through thee are fresh and
strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power !
I call thee : I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour ;
Oh let my weakness have an end !
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice ;
The confidence of reason give ;
And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me live.
W. WORDSWORTH.

(5)

CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will ;
Whose armour is his honest thought
And simple truth his utmost skill !

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the world by care
Of public fame, or private breath ;

Who envies none that chance doth raise
Nor vice ; Who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise ;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good :

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great ;

Who God doth late and early pray
More of His grace than gifts to lend ;
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend ;

—This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;
Lord of himself, though not of lands ;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

SIR H. WOTTON.

(6)

TO CELIA

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine ;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine ;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

F

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A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
A heart as sound and free
As in the whole world thou canst find,
That heart I'll give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay,
To honour thy decree :
Or bid it languish quite away,
And 't shall do so for thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep
While I have eyes to see :
And having none, yet I will keep
A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despair, and I'll despair,
Under that cypress tree :
Or bid me die, and I will dare
E'en Death, to die for thee.

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
The very eyes of me,
And hast command of every part,
To live and die for thee.

R. HERRICK.

3. Write poems, using the metre and rhyme-scheme of each of the following examples, either taking your own subject or else one of the subjects in question 4 below.

(1) The Spenserian Stanza is the metre used by Spenser in his *Faërie Queene*, and by Byron in *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* :

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men ;
A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell ;
But hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell !
BYRON.

(2) The metre used by Scott in *The Lady of the Lake*, *Marmion*, and most of his other long poems : note that this metre is not divided into verses, by Scott, but flows straight on with occasional breaks as the sense requires.

The stag at eve had drunk his fill,
Where danced the moon on Monan's rill,
And deep his midnight lair had made
In lone Glenartney's hazel shade ;
But when the sun his beacon red
Had kindled on Benvoirlich's head,
The deep-mouth'd bloodhound's heavy bay
Resounded up the rocky way,
And faint, from farther distance borne,
Were heard the clanging hoof and horn.

SCOTT.

(3) A simple six-line verse :

Ask not the cause why sullen Spring
So long delays her flowers to bear ;
Why warbling birds forget to sing,
And winter storms invert the year :
Chloris is gone ; and fate provides
To make it Spring where she resides.

DRYDEN.

(4) Another six-line verse, with a different rhyme-scheme :

The pillars of the Lord are seven,
Which stand from earth to topmost heaven ;
His Wisdom drew the plan ;
His Word accomplish'd the design,
From brightest gem to deepest mine ;
From Christ enthroned, to Man.

CHRISTOPHER SMART.

(5) Three simple four-line verses :

(a) Mild is the parting year, and sweet
The odour of the falling spray ;
Life passes on more rudely fleet,
And balmless is its closing day.

LANDOR.

(b) It was not in the Winter
Our loving lot was cast ;
It was the time of roses—
We pluck'd them as we pass'd !

HOOD.

- (c) She pass'd away like morning dew
Before the sun was high ;
So brief her time, she scarcely knew
The meaning of a sigh.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

4. Write poems on the following subjects :

- (1) Roses.
- (2) To an omnibus.
- (3) The jackdaw and the owl.
- (4) A sonnet to the sun.
- (5) An Ode to Punctuality, based upon Wordsworth.
- (6) Heroic couplets describing London, or any other town.
- (7) A bowl of hyacinths.
- (8) To a dog.
- (9) Blank verse speeches, which might be spoken by King Charles and Oliver Cromwell, in a play of similar construction to Shakespeare's.
- (10) An elegy written in a cricket-field, after the manner of Gray.
- (11) The ship.
- (12) Home-sickness.
- (13) The writer to his pen.
- (14) Pebbles on the shore.
- (15) A song with a refrain.
- (16) Summer and winter.
- (17) A short epic in Scott's metre, describing any adventure.
- (18) Fields of glory.
- (19) At sunset.
- (20) The fisherman.
- (21) " And Fortune blessed me as I went. . . . "
- (22) Choristers.

- (23) A poem in the Spenserian stanza.
- (24) Sonnet to Anne
- (25) Dreams.
- (26) The hermit.
- (27) Lines on some national event.
- (28) A song for music.
- (29) By the stream.
- (30) Traffic.

CHAPTER VI

PLAY-WRITING

THOUGH play-writing may seem even more beyond the capacity of many students than story-writing, there is no reason why this should be so, for in childhood the instinct for play-acting follows hard on the instinct for narrative. Games in which dressing-up is involved, dumb-crambo, and charades, are all embryonic drama, and children who have never wanted to dress up and pretend to be somebody else are few and lifeless. Early visits to the pantomime and circus, and later visits to plays, will probably have further aroused and developed dramatic interest, but those first spontaneous attempts, however weak and ridiculous, which children make to provide drama for themselves are the real proof that play-making is not beyond the capacity of any one.

What, then, are the necessary characteristics of a play? The author must supply four ingredients: A plot, characters, dialogue, and stage-directions; all else is the affair of the carpenter, the scene-painter, the electrician, and the costumier.

The Plot.—The word "drama" implies something "done," and though there is a fashion nowadays to write plays which depend almost entirely on dialogue for effect, and in which very little except talk ever happens, this is not the fundamental idea of drama, nor is it the type of drama which a beginner is advised to copy. Dialogue has to be of exceptional brilliance to justify such a play, and even when it is justified it does not follow that the result is properly speaking a play at all. If Mr. Bernard Shaw likes to make use of the theatre as a lecture

hall, for the delivery of his social views, he is perfectly justified in doing so, because his views are of such interest that the public would probably follow him anywhere that he liked to deliver them. If the student, however, has social views, let him express them in essay form ; if he is moved to poetry, let him write a poem—for poetic drama is supremely difficult, and virtually died in England with the Elizabethans ; if he has a complicated story to tell, let him write it in narrative form. If he sets out to write a play, a play let him write.

In setting out to write a play, the length should be the first consideration. It is a common mistake to think of a play as a piece of work of about the same length as a novel : actually, in subject-matter, it is nearer the length of a short story. That is why so few novels dramatize well ; a novel which can be read right through in three hours is a short novel : a play which takes three hours in the acting is a long play. Allowing for the fact that the playwright gains time by not describing characters, scenery, personality, and so forth, it must be remembered that he loses time in having his speeches spoken, which is slower than reading, and in any by-play, dancing, singing, or other action, which the plot may require, and which in the novel would merely be rendered by "He sang a song." or "after some dancing." Also he has to allow for intervals and scene-shifting. The Ancient Greeks, in writing plays, observed what they called "the Three Unities." These were the Unity of Time, which demanded that the whole action of the play should take place consecutively ; the Unity of Place, which demanded that the action should all happen in the same place ; and the Unity of Action, which demanded that there should be one main plot, and one only. Although we no longer observe these laws, they make a good basis on which to work, for the less the characters are transported from one place to another, the less the action jumps long periods of time, and the less complicated under-plots there are, the more compact and closely-knit will the production be.

Practical difficulties have to be considered too, and here the story-writer has an advantage over the dramatist, for the story-writer can develop his action as profusely and as elaborately as he likes, following a character to Paris on one page, another to Madrid on the next, and attending to those in London on the third. The dramatist must make as much as possible happen in one scene and in one place, for obviously the curtain cannot be lowered more than a certain number of times nor the scenery changed. Any incident which cannot be introduced into the limited scene possible can only be conveyed to the audience by means of the dialogue, as when A tells B upon the stage that C has just been killed in a railway accident.

With all these difficulties to contend with, it is obvious that the dramatist's task is much more exacting than the story-writer's. Successful stories have been written by people who merely have a rough idea of their plot and let their pens run on, developing the idea as they go. Such a procedure is impossible in play-writing. The whole plot must first be sketched, the number of Acts and Scenes decided upon, and the subject-matter divided up between them. As a rule it will be found that a play which is to occupy twenty minutes or half an hour in the acting is better written in one, or at most two, scenes, with one set of scenery, and action which is supposed to occupy one day, or at most to take place on two days with a short interval. Such plays are used for the most part by amateurs, or as "curtain-raisers." A full-length play occupies from two-and-a-half to three-and-a-half hours in the acting, and may be divided into two, three, or four Acts. Even then it is wiser to avoid complicated scene-shifts and long intervals of time. A play to be acted indoors is always better without outdoor scenes, and a pastoral play without indoor scenes.

A few more technical points of plot-making may be mentioned. A good "curtain" is essential to each Act—that is to say, a striking moment on which the curtain falls, leaving

the audience wondering what is to happen in the next act. A good climax must close the last act : it is a fatal mistake to let the climax come too soon ; if the audience know everything at the end of the third act they will go home before the fourth. Exits and entrances must be carefully managed, so that there appears to be a real reason for a person leaving the stage at a given moment, besides the reason that you want two other characters to tell one another something while he is not there.

The Characters.—Roughly speaking, the fewer characters there are in a play, the better. A large number merely confuses the audience, makes the play expensive to produce, crowds the stage, and prevents the dramatist from drawing their characteristics clearly. When the plot is sketched out, it is a good plan to look it through to see whether there is any character who could with advantage be omitted. In any case, five or six characters are probably ample for a one-act play, and not more than a dozen for a three-act one.

In the matter of characters, the story-writer again has the advantage over the dramatist: the story-writer may spread himself over several pages in analysing the character of his heroine, and in making clear how brave yet obstinate, unselfish yet unsympathetic, shy yet ambitious she is. The dramatist has got to make her speak in such a way that the audience will realize that she is all this from what she says, and this is a much harder task. Often subordinate characters are introduced to talk about the chief characters, and make their temperaments and histories clear; great care must be exercised in doing this to make the relating of such details natural, and not to let the family history be told to some one who would obviously know it already, or the character of the heroine be explained to some one who had been intimate with her from childhood.

The Dialogue.—Such considerations bring us to the question of dialogue. It is largely by means of spoken dialogue that the dramatist has to present his plot, and make clear the

characters of his *dramatis personæ*. Dialogue, as before stated, has to explain to the audience all incidents which are not practicable on the stage, and here twentieth-century dramatists have received assistance by being able to introduce telephones, by means of which the mind, at any rate, of a character in Paris can express itself in a London scene, and more may be done in this way by the introduction of loud speakers on to the stage. These devices should, however, be used sparingly by the student, for they are becoming commonplace, and should not be resorted to unnecessarily.

As regards the actual writing of the dialogue, practice is necessary. The first requirement is that the characters should speak naturally, but this does not mean that they should only say exactly what people in those circumstances would say in real life. Every sentence that is written must either advance the action or throw some light on a character, and all sentences which are found not to fulfil one or other of these requirements should be ruthlessly cut out. The style should be much more terse than ordinary conversation, the speeches shorter—long speeches must be avoided altogether—and the remarks more epigrammatic: characters in plays are always credited with a gift of repartee which is rare in the every-day world. That is the threefold function of dialogue: to advance the action, to explain the characters, and to provide epigrams to amuse the audience.

Soliloquy is completely out of date; an occasional remark addressed to a dog or even a photograph is the most that is permissible.

Stage-directions.—Apart from dialogue, the only means of expression which the dramatist possesses is his stage-directions. Here lies his great advantage over the story-writer. He need not trouble to describe elaborately the scene in which his action takes place; he merely writes "Drawing-room," "Court of Justice," "Wood," and leaves the details to those responsible for decorating the stage. He

need not go into elaborate descriptions of the personal appearance of his characters, for the living actors make that superfluous. He need not follow out a long story in all its ramifications, but may concentrate upon the important and effective scenes; he may save himself fifty of the novelist's pages by writing "five years elapse between Acts I and II." Stage-directions should be brief and clear. If so great an artist as Sir James Barrie chooses to describe whimsically the appearance, thoughts, and aspirations of his characters in his stage-directions, it is not for the student to follow him, for a play is intended primarily to be acted, not to be read. It is a good plan, however, to think out precisely where, when, and how, each character shall make his entry or exit, where the furniture shall be placed, where the windows and doors shall be, and all details of movement and by-play, for where the author has not thought out such details, complications are apt to arise in rehearsal.

Such are the difficulties which will beset the artist whose medium is not merely paper and print, but living men and women, voices, lights, painted scenery, and all the changing pageant of dress. But once he has mastered his medium, as Dumas said, "given two passions and a platform," he can write a play.

Example of a Short Play—

ST. PATRICK'S DAY
OR, THE SCHEMING LIEUTENANT
By Richard Brinsley Sheridan

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

LIEUTENANT O'CONNOR.
DR. ROSY.
JUSTICE CREDULOUS.

SERGEANT TROUNCE.
CORPORAL FLINT.
LAURETTA.

MRS. BRIDGET CREDULOUS.

Drummer, Soldiers, Countrymen, and Servant.

SCENE.—*A Town in England.*

ACT I

SCENE I.—LIEUTENANT O'CONNOR'S Lodgings.

Enter SERGEANT TROUNCE, CORPORAL FLINT, and four SOLDIERS.

First Sol. I say you are wrong ; we should all speak together, each for himself, and all at once, that we may be heard the better.

Sec. Sol. Right, Jack, we'll argue in platoons.

Third Sol. Aye, aye, let him have our grievances in a volley, and if we be to have a spokesman, there's the corporal is the lieutenant's countryman, and knows his humour.

Flint. Let me alone for that. I served three years, within a bit, under his honour, in the Royal Inniskillions, and I never will see a sweeter-tempered gentleman, nor one more free with his purse. I put a great shamrock in his hat this morning, and I'll be bound for him he'll wear it, was it as big as Steven's Green. Oh, fait ! here comes the lieutenant.—Now, sergeant.

Trounce. So then, to order. Put on your mutiny looks ; every man grumble a little to himself, and some of you hum the "Deserter's March."

Enter LIEUTENANT O'CONNOR.

O'Con. Well, honest lads, what is it you have to complain of ?

Sol. Ahem ! hem !

Trounce. So please your honour, the very grievance of the matter is this :—ever since your honour differed with Justice Credulous, our innkeepers use us most scurvily. By my halbert, their treatment is such that, if your spirit was willing to put up with it, flesh and blood could by no means agree ; so we humbly petition that your honour would make an end of the matter at once, by running away with the justice's daughter, or else get us fresh quarters—hem ! hem !

O'Con. Indeed ! Pray which of the houses use you ill ?

First Sol. There's the Red Lion an't half the civility of the old Red Lion.

Sec. Sol. There's the White Horse, if he wasn't case-hardened, ought to be ashamed to show his face.

O'Con. Very well ; the Horse and the Lion shall answer for it at the quarter sessions.

Trounce. The Two Magpies are civil enough ; but the Angel uses us like devils, and the Rising Sun refuses us light to go to bed by.

O'Con. Then, upon my word, I'll have the Rising Sun put

down, and the Angel shall give security for his good behaviour ; but are you sure you do nothing to quit scores with them ?

Flint. Nothing at all, your honour, unless now and then we happen to fling a cartridge into the kitchen fire, or put a spatter-dash or so into the soup ; and sometimes Ned drums up and down stairs a little of a night.

O'Con. Oh, all that's fair ; but hark'ee, lads, I must have no grumbling on St. Patrick's Day ; so here, take this, and divide it amongst you. But observe me now—show yourselves men of spirit, and don't spend sixpence of it in drink.

First Sol. Thank your honour. Come along ; St. Patrick, his honour, and strong beer for ever ! [*Exeunt* SOLDIERS.]

O'Con. Get along, you thoughtless vagabonds ! yet, upon my conscience, 'tis very hard these poor fellows should scarcely have bread from the soil they would die to defend.

Enter Dr. Rosy.

Ah, my little Doctor Rosy, my Galen a-bridge, what's the news ?

Rosy. All things are as they were, my Alexander ; the justice is as violent as ever : I felt his pulse on the matter again, and, thinking his rage began to intermit, I wanted to throw in the bark of good advice, but it would not do. He says you and your cut-throats have a plot upon his life, and swears he had rather see his daughter in a scarlet fever than in the arms of a soldier.

O'Con. Upon my word the army is very much obliged to him. Well, then, I must marry the girl first, and ask his consent afterwards.

Rosy. So, then, the case of her fortune is desperate, hey ?

O'Con. Oh, hang fortune—let that take its chance ; there is a beauty in Lauretta's simplicity, so pure a bloom upon her charms.

Rosy. So there is, so there is. You are for beauty as nature made her, hey ! No artificial graces, not cosmetic varnish, no beauty in grain, hey !

O'Con. Upon my word, doctor, you are right ; the London ladies were always too handsome for me ; then they are so defended, such a circumvallation of hoop, with a breastwork of whalebone that would turn a pistol-bullet, much less Cupid's arrows—then turret on turret on top, with stores of concealed weapons, under pretence of black pins—and above all, a standard of feathers that would do honour to a knight of the Bath. Upon my conscience, I could as soon embrace an Amazon, armed at all points.

Rosy. Right, right, my Alexander ! my taste to a tittle.

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O'Con. Then, doctor, though I admire modesty in women, I like to see their faces. I am for the changeable rose; but with one of these quality Amazons, if their midnight dissipations had left them blood enough to raise a blush, they have not room enough in their cheeks to show it. To be sure, bashfulness is a very pretty thing; but, in my mind, there is nothing on earth so impudent as an everlasting blush.

Rosy. My taste, my taste! Well, Lauretta is none of these. Ah! I never see her but she puts me in mind of my poor dear wife.

O'Con. Aye, faith; in my opinion she can't do a worse thing. Now he is going to bother me about an old hag that has been dead these six years! [*Aside.*]

Rosy. Oh, poor Dolly! I never shall see her like again; such an arm for a bandage—veins that seemed to invite the lancet. Then her skin, smooth and white as a gallipot; her mouth as round and not larger than the mouth of a penny phial; her lips conserve of roses; and then her teeth—none of your sturdy fixtures—ache as they would, it was but a small pull, and out they came. I believe I have drawn half a score of her poor dear pearls. [*Weeps.*] But what avails her beauty? Death has no consideration—one must die as well as another.

O'Con. [*Aside.*] Oh, if he begins to moralize—

[*Takes out his snuff-box.*]

Rosy. Fair and ugly, crooked or straight, rich or poor—flesh is grass—flowers fade!

O'Con. Here, doctor, take a pinch, and keep up your spirits.

[*Offers snuff.*]

Rosy. True, true, my friend: well, high grief can't cure the matter. All's for the best, hey! my little Alexander?

O'Con. Right, right; an apothecary should never be out of spirits. But come, faith, 'tis time honest Humphrey should wait on the justice; that must be our first scheme.

Rosy. True, true; you should be ready: the clothes are at my house, and I have given you such a character that he is impatient to have you: he swears you shall be his body-guard. Well, I honour the army, or I should never do so much to serve you.

O'Con. Indeed, I am bound to you for ever, doctor; and when once I'm possessed of my dear Lauretta, I will endeavour to make work for you as fast as possible.

Rosy. Now you put me in mind of my poor wife again.

O'Con. Ah, pray forget her a little: we shall be too late.

Rosy. Poor Dolly!

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O'Con. 'Tis past twelve. The justice will wait.

Rosy. Cropped in her prime!

O'Con. For heaven's sake, come!

Rosy. Well, flesh is grass.

O'Con. Oh, the devil!

Rosy. We must all die——

O'Con. Doctor!

Rosy. Kings, lords, and commons——

[*Exeunt*, LIEUTENANT O'CONNOR forcing ROSY off.]

SCENE II.—*A Room in JUSTICE CREDULOUS's House.*

Enter LAURETTA and MRS. BRIDGET CREDULOUS.

Lau. I repeat it again, mamma, officers are the prettiest men in the world, and Lieutenant O'Connor is the prettiest officer I ever saw.

Mrs. Bri. For shame, Laura! how can you talk so?—or if you must have a military man, there's Lieutenant Plow, or Captain Haycock, or Major Dray, the brewer, are all your admirers; and though they are peaceable, good kind of men, they have as large cockades, and become scarlet as well as the fighting folks.

Lau. Psha! you know, mamma, I hate militia officers; a set of cocks with spurs on—heroes scratched off a church door—clowns in military masquerade, wearing the dress without supporting the character. No, give me the bold upright youth, who makes love to-day, and his head shot off to-morrow. Dear! to think how the sweet fellows sleep on the ground, and fight in silk stockings and lace ruffles.

Mrs. Bri. Oh, barbarous! to want a husband that may wed you to-day, and be sent the Lord knows where before night; then in a twelvemonth perhaps to have him come like a Colossus, with one leg at New York and the other at Chelsea Hospital.

Lau. Then I'll be his crutch, mamma.

Mrs. Bri. No, give me a husband that knows where his limbs are, though he want the use of them:—and if he should take you with him, to sleep in a baggage-cart, and stroll about the camp like a gipsy, with a knapsack and two children at your back; then, by way of entertainment in the evening, to make a party with the sergeant's wife to drink bohea tea, and play at all-fours on a drumhead:—'tis a precious life, to be sure!

Lau. Nay, mamma, you shouldn't be against my lieutenant, for I heard him say you were the best-natured and best-looking woman in the world.

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Mrs. Bri. Why, child, I never said but that Lieutenant O'Connor was a very well-bred and discerning young man; 'tis your papa is so violent against him.

Lau. Why, Cousin Sophy married an officer.

Mrs. Bri. Aye, Laury, an officer in the militia.

Lau. No, indeed, mamma, a marching regiment.

Mrs. Bri. No, child, I tell you he was major of militia.

Lau. Indeed, mamma, it wasn't.

Enter JUSTICE CREDULOUS.

Just. Bridget, my love, I have had a message.

Lau. It was Cousin Sophy told me so.

Just. I have had a message, love—

Mrs. Bri. No, child, she would say no such thing.

Just. A message, I say:

Lau. How could he be in the militia, when he was ordered abroad?

Mrs. Bri. Aye, girl, hold your tongue!—Well, my dear.

Just. I have had a message from Doctor Rosy.

Mrs. Bri. He ordered abroad! He went abroad for his health.

Just. Why, Bridget!—

Mrs. Bri. Well, deary.—Now hold your tongue, miss.

Just. A message from Doctor Rosy, and Doctor Rosy says—

Lau. I'm sure, mamma, his regimentals—

Just. Damn his regimentals!—Why don't you listen?

Mrs. Bri. Aye, girl, how durst you interrupt your papa?

Lau. Well, papa.

Just. Doctor Rosy says he'll bring—

Lau. Were blue turned up with red, mamma.

Just. Laury!—says he will bring the young man—

Mrs. Bri. Red! yellow, if you please, miss.

Just. Bridget!—the young man that is to be hired—

Mrs. Bri. Besides, miss, it is very unbecoming in you to want to have the last word with your mamma; you should know—

Just. Why, zounds! will you hear me or no?

Mrs. Bri. I am listening, my love—I am listening! But what signifies my silence, what good is my not speaking a word, if this girl will interrupt and let nobody speak but herself? Aye, I don't wonder, my life, at your impatience; your poor dear lips quiver to speak; but I suppose she'll run on, and not let you put in a word. You may very well be angry; there is nothing, sure, so provoking as a chattering, talking—

Lau. Nay, I'm sure, mamma, it is you will not let papa speak now.

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Mrs. Bri. Why, you little provoking minx——

Just. Get out of the room directly, both of you—get out !

Mrs. Bri. Aye, go, girl.

Just. Go, Bridget, you are worse than she, you old hag. I wish you were both up to the neck in the canal, to argue there till I took you out.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Doctor Rosy, sir.

Just. Show him up.

[*Exit SERVANT.*]

Lau. Then you own, mamma, it was a marching regiment ?

Mrs. Bri. You're an obstinate fool, I tell you ; for if that had been the case——

Just. You won't go ?

Mrs. Bri. We are going, Mr. Surly.—If that had been the case, I say, how could——

Lau. Nay, mamma, one proof——

Mrs. Bri. How could Major——

Lau. And a full proof——

[*JUSTICE CREDULOUS drives them off.*]

Just. There they go, ding dong in for the day. Good luck ! a fluent tongue is the only thing a mother don't like her daughter to resemble her in.

Enter DR. ROSY.

Well, doctor, where's the lad—where's Trusty ?

Rosy. At hand ; he'll be here in a minute, I'll answer for 't. He's such a one as you an't met with,—brave as a lion, gentle as a saline draught.

Just. Ah, he comes in the place of a rogue, a dog that was corrupted by the lieutenant. But this is a sturdy fellow, is he, doctor ?

Rosy. As Hercules ; and the best back-sword in the country. Egad, he'll make the redcoats keep their distance.

Just. Oh, the villains ! this is St. Patrick's Day, and the rascals have been parading my house all the morning. I know they have a design upon me ; but I have taken all precautions : I have magazines of arms, and if this fellow does but prove faithful I shall be more at ease.

Rosy. Doubtless he'll be a comfort to you.

Re-enter SERVANT.

Serv. There is a man below, sir, inquires for Doctor Rosy.

Rosy. Show him up.

Just. Hold ! a little caution. How does he look ?

Serv. A country-looking fellow, your worship.

Just. Oh, well, well, for Doctor Rosy ; these rascals try all ways to get in here.

Serv. Yes, please your worship ; there was one here this morning wanted to speak to you : he said his name was Corporal Breakbones.

Just. Corporal Breakbones !

Serv. And Drummer Crackskull came again.

Just. Aye ! did you ever hear of such a damned confounded crew ? Well, show the lad in here ! *[Exit SERVANT.]*

Rosy. Aye, he'll be your porter ; he'll give the rogues an answer.

Enter LIEUTENANT O'CONNOR, disguised.

Just. So, a tall—Efacks ! what ! has lost an eye ?

Rosy. Only a bruise he got in taking seven or eight highway-men.

Just. He has a damned wicked leer somehow with the other.

Rosy. Oh, no, he's bashful—a sheepish look——

Just. Well, my lad, what's your name ?

O'Con. Humphrey Hum.

Just. Hum—I don't like Hum !

O'Con. But I be mostly called honest Humphrey——

Rosy. There, I told you so, of noted honesty.

Just. Well, honest Humphrey, the doctor has told you my terms, and you are willing to serve, hey ?

O'Con. And please your worship, I shall be well content.

Just. Well, then, hark'ye, honest Humphrey—you are sure now you will never be a rogue—never take a bribe, hey, honest Humphrey ?

O'Con. A bribe ! What's that ?

Just. A very ignorant fellow indeed !

Rosy. His worship hopes you will never part with your honesty for money.

O'Con. Noa, noa.

Just. Well said, Humphrey—my chief business with you is to watch the motions of a rake-helly fellow here, one Lieutenant O'Connor.

Rosy. Aye, you don't value the soldiers, do you, Humphrey ?

O'Con. Not I ; they are but zwaggerers, and you'll see they'll be as much afraid of me as they would of their captain.

Just. And i' faith, Humphrey, you have a pretty cudgel there !

O'Con. Aye, the zwitch is better than nothing, but I should be glad of a stouter : ha' you got such a thing in the house as an old coach-pole, or a spare bed-post ?

Just. Oons ! what a dragon it is !—Well, Humphrey, come with me.—I'll just show him to Bridget, doctor, and we'll agree.—Come along, honest Humphrey. [Exit.]

O'Con. My dear doctor, now remember to bring the justice presently to the walk : I have a scheme to get into his confidence at once.

Rosy. I will, I will.

[They shake hands.]

Re-enter JUSTICE CREDULOUS.

Just. Why, honest Humphrey, hey ! what the devil are you at ?

Rosy. I was just giving him a little advice.—Well, I must go for the present.—Good morning to your worship—you need not fear the lieutenant while he is in your house.

Just. Well, get in, Humphrey. Good morning to you, doctor. [Exit DR. ROSY.] Come along, Humphrey.—Now I think I am a match for the lieutenant and all his gang. [Exeunt.]

ACT II

SCENE I.—A Street.

Enter SERGEANT TROUNCE, DRUMMER, and SOLDIERS.

Trounce. Come, silence your drum—there is no valour stirring to-day. I thought St. Patrick would have given us a recruit or two to-day.

Enter LIEUTENANT O'CONNOR.

So, here comes one would make a grenadier. Stop, friend, will you 'list ?

O'Con. Who shall I serve under ?

Trounce. Under me, to be sure.

O'Con. Isn't Lieutenant O'Connor your officer ?

Trounce. He is, and I am commander over him.

O'Con. What ! be your sergeants greater than your captains ?

Trounce. To be sure we are ; 'tis our business to keep them in order. For instance now, the general writes to me, dear Sergeant, or dear Trounce, or dear Sergeant Trounce, according to his hurry, if your lieutenant does not demean himself accordingly, let me know.—Yours, General Deluge.

O'Con. And do you complain of him often ?

Trounce. No, hang him, the lad is good-natured at bottom, so I pass over small things.

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Enter CORPORAL FLINT.

Flint. Please your honour, the doctor is coming this way with his worship. We are all ready, and have our cues. *[Exit.*

O'Con. Then, my dear Trounce, or my dear Sergeant, or my dear Sergeant Trounce, take yourself away.

Trounce. Zounds! the lieutenant—I smell of the black hole already. *[Exit.*

Enter JUSTICE CREDULOUS and DR. ROSY.

Just. I thought I saw some of the cut-throats.

Rosy. I fancy not; there's no one but honest Humphrey. Ha! Odds life, here comes some of them—we'll stay by these trees, and let them pass. *[Walks aside with the JUSTICE.*

Re-enter CORPORAL FLINT and two SOLDIERS.

Flint. Halloo, friend! do you serve Justice Credulous?

O'Con. I do.

Flint. Are you rich?

O'Con. Noa.

Flint. Nor ever will be with that old stingy booby. Look here—take it. *[Gives him a purse.*

O'Con. What must I do for this?

Flint. Mark me, our lieutenant is in love with the old rogue's daughter: help us to break his worship's bones, and carry off the girl, and you are a made man.

O'Con. I'll see you hanged first, you pack of skurry villains! *[Throws away the purse.*

Flint. What, sirrah, do you mutiny? Lay hold of him.

O'Con. Nay, then, I'll try your armour for you.

[Beats them.

All. Oh! oh!—quarter! quarter!

[Exit CORPORAL FLINT and SOLDIERS.

Just. *[Coming forward.]* Trim them, trounce them, break their bones, honest Humphrey. What a spirit he has!

Rosy. Aquafortis.

O'Con. Betray your master!

Rosy. What a miracle of fidelity!

Just. Aye, and it shall not go unrewarded—I'll give him sixpence on the spot. Here, honest Humphrey, there's for yourself: as for this bribe, *[takes up the purse]* such trash is best in the hands of justice. Now then, doctor, I think I may trust him to guard the women: while he is with them I may go out with safety.

Rosy. Doubtless you may—I'll answer for the lieutenant's behaviour whilst honest Humphrey is with your daughter.

Just. Aye, aye, she shall go nowhere without him. Come along, honest Humphrey. How rare it is to meet with such a servant ! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Garden.*

*LAURETTA discovered. Enter JUSTICE CREDULOUS and
LIEUTENANT O'CONNOR*

Just. Why, you little truant, how durst you wander so far from the house without my leave ? Do you want to invite that scoundrel lieutenant to scale the walls and carry you off ?

Lau. Lud, papa, you are so apprehensive for nothing.

Just. Why, hussy—

Lau. Well, then, I can't bear to be shut up all day so like a nun. I am sure it is enough to make one wish to be run away with—and I wish I was run away with—I do—and I wish the lieutenant knew it.

Just. You do, do you, hussy ? Well, I think I'll take pretty good care of you. Here, Humphrey, I leave this lady in your care. Now you may walk about the garden, Miss Pert ; but Humphrey shall go with you wherever you go. So mind, honest Humphrey, I am obliged to go abroad for a little while ; let no one but yourself come near her ; don't be shamefaced, you booby, but keep close to her. And now, miss, let your lieutenant or any of his crew come near you if they can. [*Exit.*]

Lau. How this booby stares after him ! [*Sits down and sings.*]

O'Con. Lauretta !

Lau. Not so free, fellow !

[*Sings.*]

O'Con. Lauretta ! look on me.

Lau. Not so free, fellow !

O'Con. No recollection !

Lau. Honest Humphrey, be quiet.

O'Con. Have you forgot your faithful soldier ?

Lau. Ah ! Oh, preserve me !

O'Con. 'Tis, my soul ! your truest slave, passing on your father in this disguise.

Lau. Well now, I declare this is charming—you are so disguised, my dear lieutenant, and you look so delightfully ugly. I am sure no one will find you out, ha ! ha ! ha ! You know I am under your protection ; papa charged you to keep close to me.

O'Con. True, my angel, and thus let me fulfil—

Lau. Oh, pray now, dear Humphrey—

O'Con. Nay, 'tis but what old Mithimus commanded.

[Offers to kiss her.]

Re-enter JUSTICE CREDULOUS.

Just. Laury, my—hey! what the devil's here?

Lau. Well now, one kiss, and be quiet.

Just. Your very humble servant, honest Humphrey! Don't let me—pray don't let me interrupt you!

Lau. Lud, papa! Now that's so good-natured—indeed there's no harm. You did not mean any rudeness, did you, Humphrey?

O'Con. No, indeed, miss; his worship knows it is not in me.

Just. I know that you are a lying, canting, hypocritical scoundrel; and if you don't take yourself out of my sight—

Lau. Indeed, papa, now I'll tell you how it was. I was sometime taken with a sudden giddiness, and Humphrey seeing me beginning to totter, ran to my assistance, quite frightened, poor fellow, and took me in his arms.

Just. Oh! was that all—nothing but a little giddiness, hey!

O'Con. That's all, indeed, your worship; for seeing miss change colour, I ran up instantly.

Just. Oh, 'twas very kind in you!

O'Con. And luckily recovered her.

Just. And who made you a doctor, you impudent rascal, hey? Get out of my sight, I say, this instant, or by all the statutes—

Lau. Oh, now, papa, you frighten me, and I am giddy again!—Oh, help!

O'Con. Oh, dear lady, she'll fall! *[Takes her into his arms.]*

Just. Zounds! what, before my face—why then, thou miracle of impudence! *[Lays hold of him and discovers him.]* Mercy on me, who have we here?—Murder! robbery! fire! gunpowder! soldiers! John! Susan! Bridget!

O'Con. Good sir, don't be alarmed; I mean you no harm.

Just. Thieves! robbers! soldiers!

O'Con. You know my love for your daughter—

Just. Fire! cut-throats!

O'Con. And that alone—

Just. Treason! gunpowder!

Enter a SERVANT with a blunderbuss.

Now, scoundrel! let her go this instant.

Lau. Oh, papa, you'll kill me!

Just. Honest Humphrey, be advised. Aye, miss, this way, if you please.

O'Con. Nay, sir, but hear me——

Just. I'll shoot.

O'Con. And you'll be convinced——

Just. I'll shoot.

O'Con. How injurious——

Just. I'll shoot—and so your very humble servant, honest Humphrey Hum. *[Exeunt separately.]*

SCENE III.—*A Walk.*

Enter DR. ROSY.

Rosy. Well, I think my friend is now in a fair way of succeeding. Ah! I warrant he is full of hope and fear, doubt and anxiety; truly he has the fever of love strong upon him: faint, peevish, languishing all day, with burning, restless nights. Ah! just my case when I pined for my poor dear Dolly! when she used to have her daily colics, and her little doctor be sent for. Then would I interpret the language of her pulse—declare my own sufferings in my receipt for her—send her a pearl necklace in a pill-box, or a cordial draught with an acrostic on the label. Well, those days are over: no happiness lasting: all is vanity—now sunshine, now cloudy—we are, as it were, king and beggar—then what avails——

Enter LIEUTENANT O'CONNOR.

O'Con. O doctor! ruined and undone.

Rosy. The pride of beauty——

O'Con. I am discovered, and——

Rosy. The gaudy palace——

O'Con. The justice is——

Rosy. The pompous wig——

O'Con. Is more enraged than ever.

Rosy. The gilded cane——

O'Con. Why, doctor! *[Slapping him on the shoulder.]*

Rosy. Hey!

O'Con. Confound your morals! I tell you I am discovered, discomfited, disappointed.

Rosy. Indeed! Good lack, good lack, to think of the instability of human affairs! Nothing certain in this world—most deceived when most confident—fools of fortune all!

O'Con. My dear doctor. I want at present a little practical

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 wisdom. I am resolved this instant to try the scheme we were going to put in execution last week. I have the letter ready, and only want your assistance to recover my ground.

Rosy. With all my heart—I'll warrant you I'll bear a part in it; but how the deuce were you discovered?

O'Con. I'll tell you as we go; there's not a moment to be lost.

Rosy. Heaven send we succeed better!—but there's no knowing.

O'Con. Very true.

Rosy. We may, and we may not.

O'Con. Right.

Rosy. Time must show.

O'Con. Certainly.

Rosy. We are but blind guessers.

O'Con. Nothing more.

Rosy. Thick-sighted mortals.

O'Con. Remarkably.

Rosy. Wandering in error.

O'Con. Even so.

Rosy. Futurity is dark.

O'Con. As a cellar.

Rosy. Men are moles.

[*Exeunt, LIEUTENANT O'CONNOR forcing out ROSY.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Room in JUSTICE CREDULOUS'S House.*

Enter JUSTICE CREDULOUS and MRS. BRIDGET CREDULOUS.

Just. Odds life, Bridget, you are enough to make one mad! I tell you he would have deceived a chief justice: the dog seemed as ignorant as my clerk, and talked of honesty as if he had been a churchwarden.

Mrs. Bri. Pho! nonsense, honesty!—what had you to do, pray, with honesty? A fine business you have made of it with your Humphrey Hum; and miss, too, she must have been privy to it. Lauretta! aye, you would have her called so; but for my part I never knew any good come of giving girls these heathen Christian names: if you had called her Deborah, or Tabitha, or Ruth, or Rebecca, or Joan, nothing of this had ever happened; but I always knew Lauretta was a runaway name.

Just. Psha, you're a fool!

Mrs. Bri. No, Mr. Credulous, it is you who are a fool, and no one but such a simpleton would be so imposed on.

Just. Why, zounds, madam, how durst you talk so? If you

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have no respect for your husband, I should think *unus quorum* might command a little deference.

Mrs. Bri. Don't tell me!—Unus fiddlestick! you ought to be ashamed to show your face at the sessions: you'll be a laughing-stock to the whole bench, and a byword with all the pig-tailed lawyers and bag-wigged attorneys about town.

Just. Is this language for his majesty's representative? By the statutes, it's high treason and petty treason, both at once!

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. A letter for your worship.

Just. Who brought it?

Serv. A soldier.

Just. Take it away and burn it.

Mrs. Bri. Stay!—Now you're in such a hurry—it is some canting scrawl from the lieutenant, I suppose. [*Takes the letter.*
Exit SERVANT.] Let me see: aye, 'tis signed O'Connor.

Just. Well, come, read it out.

Mrs. Bri. [*Reads.*] "*Revenge is sweet.*"

Just. It begins so, does it? I'm glad of that; I'll let the dog know I'm of his opinion.

Mrs. Bri. [*Reads.*] "*And though disappointed of my designs upon your daughter, I have still the satisfaction of knowing I am revenged on her unnatural father; for this morning, in your chocolate, I had the pleasure to administer to you a dose of poison.*"—Mercy on us!

Just. No tricks, Bridget; come, you know it is not so; you know it is a lie.

Mrs. Bri. Read it yourself.

Just. [*Reads.*] "*Pleasure to administer a dose of poison!*"—Oh, horrible! Cut-throat villain!—Bridget!

Mrs. Bri. Lovee, stay, here's a postscript. [*Reads.*] "*N.B. 'Tis not in the power of medicine to save you.*"

Just. Odds my life, Bridget! why don't you call for help? I've lost my voice.—My brain is giddy—I shall burst, and no assistance.—John!—Laury!—John!

Mrs. Bri. You see, lovee, what you have brought on yourself.

Re-enter SERVANT.

Serv. Your worship!

Just. Stay, John; did you perceive anything in my chocolate cup this morning?

Serv. Nothing, your worship, unless it was a little grounds.

Just. What colour were they?

Serv. Blackish, your worship.

Just. Aye, arsenic, black arsenic!—Why don't you run for Doctor Rosy, you rascal?

Serv. Now, sir?

Mrs. Bri. O lovee, you may be sure it is in vain: let him run for the lawyer to witness your will, my life.

Just. Zounds! go for the doctor, you scoundrel. You are all confederate murderers.

Serv. Oh, here he is, your worship. [Exit.]

Just. Now, Bridget, hold your tongue, and let me see if my horrid situation be apparent.

Enter Dr. Rosy.

Rosy. I have but just called to inform—hey! bless me, what's the matter with your worship?

Just. There, he sees it already!—Poison in my face, in capitals! Yes, yes, I'm a sure job for the undertakers indeed!

Mrs. Bri. Oh! oh! alas, doctor!

Just. Peace, Bridget! Why, doctor, my dear old friend, do you really see any change in me?

Rosy. Change! never was man so altered: how came these black spots on your nose?

Just. Spots on my nose!

Rosy. And that wild stare in your right eye!

Just. In my right eye! Yes, I feel it now—I'm poisoned! Doctor, help me, for the love of justice! Give me life to see my murderer hanged.

Rosy. What?

Just. I'm poisoned, I say!

Rosy. Speak out!

Just. What! can't you hear me?

Rosy. Your voice is so low and hollow, as it were, I can't hear a word you say.

Just. I'm gone, then! *Hic jacet*, many years one of his majesty's justices!

Mrs. Bri. Read, doctor!—Ah, lovee, the will! Consider, my life, how soon you will be dead.

Just. No, Bridget, I shall die by inches.

Rosy. I never heard such monstrous iniquity. Oh, you are gone indeed, my friend! the mortgage of your little bit of clay is out, and the sexton has nothing to do but to close. We must all go, sooner or later—high and low—Death's a debt; his mandamus binds all alike—no bail, no demurrer.

Just. Silence, Doctor Croaker ! will you cure me or will you not ?

Rosy. Alas ! my dear friend, it is not in my power, but I'll certainly see justice done on your murderer.

Just. I thank you, my dear friend, but I had rather see it myself.

Rosy. Aye, but if you recover, the villain will escape.

Mrs. Bri. Will he ? then indeed it would be a pity you should recover. I am so enraged against the villain, I can't bear the thought of his escaping the halter.

Just. That's very kind in you, my dear ; but if it's the same thing to you, my dear, I had as soon recover, notwithstanding.—What, doctor, no assistance !

Rosy. Efacks, I can do nothing, but there's the German quack, whom you wanted to send from town ; I met him at the next door, and I know he has antidotes for all poisons.

Just. Fetch him, my dear friend, fetch him ! I'll get him a diploma if he cures me.

Rosy. Well, there's no time to be lost. [Exit.]

Mrs. Bri. What, my dear, will you submit to be cured by a quack nostrum-monger ? For my part, as much as I love you, I had rather follow you to your grave than see you owe your life to any but a regular-bred physician.

Just. I'm sensible of your affection, dearest ; and be assured nothing consoles me in my melancholy situation so much as the thoughts of leaving you behind.

Re-enter DR. ROSY, with LIEUTENANT O'CONNOR disguised.

Rosy. Great luck ; met him passing by the door.

O'Con. Metto dowsei pulsum.

Rosy. He desires me to feel your pulse.

Just. Can't he speak English ?

Rosy. Not a word.

O'Con. Palio vivem mortem soonem.

Rosy. He says you have not six hours to live.

Just. Oh, mercy ! does he know my distemper ?

Rosy. I believe not.

Just. Tell him 'tis black arsenic they have given me.

Rosy. Geneable illi arsnecca.

O'Con. Pisonatus.

Just. What does he say ?

Rosy. He says you are poisoned.

Just. We know that ; but what will be the effect ?

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Rosy. Quid effectum ?

O'Con. Diable tutellum.

Rosy. He says you'll die presently.

Just. Oh, horrible ! What, no antidote ?

O'Con. Curum benakere bono fullum.

Just. What, does he say I must row in a boat to Fulham ?

Rosy. He says he'll undertake to cure you for three thousand pounds.

Mrs. Bri. Three thousand pounds ! three thousand halters ! No, lovee, you shall never submit to such impositions ; die at once, and be a customer to none of them.

Just. I won't die, Bridget—I don't like death.

Mrs. Bri. Psha ! there is nothing in it : a moment, and it is over.

Just. Aye, but it leaves a numbness behind that lasts a plaguy long time.

Mrs. Bri. Oh, my dear, pray consider the will.

Enter LAURETTA.

Lau. Oh, my father, what is this I hear ?

O'Con. Quiddam seomriam deos tollam rosam.

Rosy. The doctor is astonished at the sight of your fair daughter.

Just. How so ?

O'Con. Damsellum livivum suvum rislibani.

Rosy. He says that he has lost his heart to her, and that if you will give him leave to pay his addresses to the young lady, and promise your consent to the union, if he should gain her affections, he will on those conditions cure you instantly, without fee or reward.

Just. The devil ! did he say all that in so few words ? What a fine language it is ! Well, I agree, if he can prevail on the girl.—[*Aside.*] And that I am sure he never will.

Rosy. Greal.

O'Con. Writhum bothum.

Rosy. He says you must give this under your hand, while he writes you a miraculous receipt. [*Both sit down to write.*]

Lau. Do, mamma, tell me the meaning of this.

Mrs. Bri. Don't speak to me, girl.—Unnatural parent !

Just. There, doctor ; there's what he requires.

Rosy. And here's your receipt : read it yourself.

Just. Hey ! what is here ? plain English !

Rosy. Read it out ; a wondrous nostrum, I'll answer for it.

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Just. [Reads.] "*In reading this you are cured, by your affectionate son-in-law, O'CONNOR.*"—Who, in the name of Beelzebub, sirrah, who are you ?

O'Con. Your affectionate son-in-law, O'Connor, and your very humble servant, Humphrey Hum.

Just. 'Tis false, you dog ! you are not my son-in-law ; for I'll be poisoned again, and you shall be hanged. I'll die, sirrah, and leave Bridget my estate.

Mrs. Bri. Aye, pray do, my dear, leave me your estate : I'm sure he deserves to be hanged.

Just. He does, you say ! Hark'ee, Bridget, you showed such a tender concern for me when you thought me poisoned, that for the future I am resolved never to take your advice again in anything.—[*To* LIEUTENANT O'CONNOR.] So, do you hear, sir, you are an Irishman and a soldier, an't you ?

O'Con. I am, sir, and proud of both.

Just. The two things on earth I most hate ; so I'll tell you what—renounce your country and sell your commission, and I'll forgive you.

O'Con. Hark'ee, Mr. Justice—if you were not the father of my Lauretta, I would pull your nose for asking the first, and break your bones for desiring the second.

Rosy. Aye, aye, you're right.

Just. Is he ? then I'm sure I must be wrong.—Here, sir, I give my daughter to you, who are the most impudent dog I ever saw in my life.

O'Con. O sir, say what you please ; with such a gift as Lauretta, every word is a compliment.

Mrs. Bri. Well, my lovee, I think this will be a good subject for us to quarrel about the rest of our lives.

Just. Why, truly, my dear, I think so, though we are seldom at a loss for that.

Rosy. This is all as it should be.—My Alexander, I give you joy, and you, my little god-daughter ; and now my sincere wish is, that you may make just such a wife as my poor dear Dolly.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Exercises in Play-Writing

1.—(1) Write a scene after the Shakespearean manner, describing the death of King William Rufus.

(2) Write a scene in the Greek manner, describing the last fight of Hector and Achilles.

(3) Using Sheridan as a model, write a scene describing the duel between Sir Andrew Aguecheek and Viola.

(4) Read Molière, and imitate his style, using any modern characters and plot.

(5) Write a short poetic drama on the death of King Charles I, using Tennyson as a model.

(6) Write a short play on the subject of George Washington, after the manner of Mr. John Drinkwater.

2. Exercise on managing stage-effects.

(1) Write a play for an amateur stage with only one practicable entrance. The play must have three characters, two of whom are never to meet one another.

(2) Write a play with only one visible character and a telephone.

(3) Write a duologue between two blind men.

(4) Write a play to be broadcast.

(5) Write a play with one character and a telephone, in which the character only uses the words "Yes" and "No." Your stage-directions, suggesting the actions, must provide the rest of the plot.

(6) Write a scene between a shipwrecked sailor, speaking English, and some cannibals, whose language is not intelligible either to him or to the audience.

3. Exercise in Dialogue. Write short modern scenes (about twenty minutes in the acting) in which the following characters take part :—

(1) Three schoolboys—or schoolgirls.

(2) Two charwomen.

(3) Two burglars and a policeman.

(4) Two ladies and a man.

(5) Two men and a lady.

(6) A father, a mother, a son, and a daughter.

(7) Three couples at a dance.

(8) Four monks.

(9) A doctor and a patient.

(10) A grandparent and a grandchild.

(11) An officer, a sergeant, and a private.

(12) A Frenchman and an Englishman.

4. Write a scene, including stage-directions, set in each of the following places :—

(1) The interior of a submarine.

(2) A public telephone-box.

- (3) A coal-mine.
- (4) A dentist's waiting-room.
- (5) A battlefield.
- (6) The ante-room in a royal palace.
- (7) An artist's studio.
- (8) A garret in the "Quartier Latin."
- (9) A landscape on Mars.
- (10) A railway-carriage.
- (11) A farmyard.
- (12) Behind the scenes in a circus.

5. Dramatize the following well-known stories :—

- (1) Little Red Riding-Hood.
- (2) King Alfred and the cakes.
- (3) The fable of the Fox and the Grapes.
- (4) Any anecdote of Robin Hood.
- (5) Sir Walter Raleigh's first meeting with Queen Elizabeth.
- (6) The story of John Gilpin.
- (7) Any adventure of Sherlock Holmes.
- (8) The story of the hound Gelert.
- (9) Sir Richard Grenville's last fight on the *Revenge*.
- (10) Cinderella.
- (11) Any anecdote of a well-known present-day personage.
- (12) The murder of Thomas à Becket.

6. Write a short play on the following plot :—

Scene : A station waiting-room. Characters : two ladies, a working woman, a gentleman.

The ladies discover in conversation that the working woman is going to visit a son in London who has returned from abroad after many years. They go to buy papers, leaving a handbag on the table. When they return the woman is asleep. They miss a five-pound note, and search the sleeping woman's bag where they find one. They decide not to accuse her, but to take back the note and say nothing about it. The woman's train comes, and she departs. Soon after, the husband of one of the ladies rushes in, to bring her the five-pound note which she has forgotten to take with her, and they find that they have stolen the poor woman's note and it is impossible to trace her.

THE END

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